

SHAKESPEARIANA.

VOL. IX.

JANUARY, 1892.

No. 1.

IBSEN'S DRAMATIC CONSTRUCTION COMPARED WITH SHAKESPEARE'S.*

TWICE at least, in Shakespeare and in Molière, the world has seen how the highest skill in dramatic poetry may be developed from professional familiarity with the stage, either in acting or in managing. To these two great examples, in the opinion of many critics, a third is now to be added, the Norwegian, Ibsen. For he, too, by practical experience of theatrical management learned his art of dramatic composition.

And, indeed, his work as dramatic poet, whatever we may think of its higher merits, shows in every detail the skill that comes only from close professional study of the needs and conditions of theatrical presentation. He was, in fact, from 1851 to 1857 director of the theatre at Bergen, and from 1857 to 1861 director of the larger theatre at Christiania. And the best quality of his best work may be proved, I think, to be due to the practical knowledge thus acquired in the struggle of his large ideas against the small means of these poorly endowed Norwegian theatres—the knowledge of the ways of realizing, at the smallest expense in scenery and decoration, the highest effects of dramatic situation.

But there was in Ibsen's own nature an element that gave to the result of these ten years of practical expression a character altogether different from the result to be observed either in Shakespeare's case or in Molière's. For by force of natural talent Ibsen was not, I think, like Molière and Shakespeare, a poet of the dramatic kind, but a poet of the lyrical kind. That is, his natural strength lay, not in observing the characters nor in representing the customs and the actions of other people, but in putting his own emotions and his own thoughts before us in forms of pure lyrical imagination. When, for example, I began, in my youth, to form acquaintance with his poetry, the charm that seized me was the charm of his intense lyrical expression. There seemed to me in those early years little that was either strong or beautiful in his dramatic

* Read before the New York Shakespeare Society, May 14, 1891.

verses. Those early plays of his were deficient, we contended, in the main device of dramatic interest. But from the first, whenever I could detach the personal altruism of the man from the framework of his drama, I could feel the heart-beat of a rare poet. And when he published, in 1875, his volume of lyrical poems that side of his genius, freed at last from all obscurity, shone forth with dazzling splendor. As lyrical poet he was seen to belong to that small class of which Heine is the chief representative, a class that as yet cannot be said to include any English or American poet. It is marked among the lyrical groups of our century by the blending of a sceptical spirit of philosophy with a keen and somewhat cynical wit and great intensity of pathos. (It is as if the fierce humor of Carlyle and his fantastic imagination were wedded in a great poet with a feeling for nature as sensitive as Keats's and with a touch of poetic skill as dainty as Tennyson's.) In this peculiar form of lyrical poetry the genius of Ibsen was not, indeed, to be compared in range and grandeur with the genius of Heine; but it came, I think, closest of the modern poets to that incomparable model. It was, above all, the rendition alone of the poet's own philosophy of life, of his own ways of thinking and of his deepest personal feeling. And this rendition of himself was sure to be made through pictures of nature that showed the most subtle knowledge of Norwegian landscape and with a sharpness of wit and a patriotic force of sentiment that only a great poet can command. This lyrical form was as different from dramatic form as any one form of poetical genius can be from another, and yet this lyrical form was the chief equipment that Ibsen received from nature; and it was the conversion of this lyrical form into dramatic form through years of painful endeavor that has produced the best of his dramatic poems. In those dramas the effort to represent the phases of human emotion, the effort to reach the springs of human action, the effort to set forth in pictures of human life large views of dreary pessimistic philosophy—these are habits of mind that Ibsen has brought into dramatic art from the practice of lyrical art. But these habits of mind have been, as we said, disciplined and modified by a stage-director's practical experience. The result of this unusual blending is a form of dramatic poem so strange in all ways, and in some ways so effective, as to count among the marvels of the century.

Now, to study dramatic method of any dramatic poet we are bound, I think, to take his best work. For this reason, although I should like to trace the movement of Ibsen's mind through the long series of his plays, and to show, step by step, the formation of his method, I pass at once to the examination of that one play which is not only his latest and most famous, but also, in my opinion, his best—*Hedda Gabler*. Let us, therefore, in order to see with clearness his lines of construction in that poem, first trace the action of the story.

Some ten years before the play opens, say in 1880, there was living in a little Norwegian city a famous old Norwegian General named Gabler, handsome, well born, fond of good living and improvident. The wife was dead. The one daughter, who had been reared at a school in the same city, was now at home at her father's—Miss Hedda, just nineteen, very beautiful and full of spirit and grace. The life was gay, with fine clothes to wear, fine horses to ride and plenty of dancing and love-making. Among the many lovers that came around the General's lovely daughter there were three that stood closest. First, there was Judge Brack, a man of thirty-six, handsome, able, distinguished in his profession, fascinated by Miss Hedda's beauty, but not disposed to offer marriage. He was, in fact, that easy-going sort of charming man-about-town who, when they think of taking a wife, always ask themselves, "Whose wife shall I take?" Next to him among the lovers was young Eilert Lövborg, a man of twenty-two, well born, rich, handsome, a man of genius, but prone to the grossest forms of dissipation. He was, I think, the old General's favorite among his daughter's lovers. He had free access to the house, and had established with Miss Hedda herself an intimacy that was very dangerous, if not in reality guilty. Outside of this upper circle stood the third lover, George Tasman, a student at the University. He was of the same age as Eilert, about twenty-two, and intimate with him, a student of the same branches of knowledge. But he was of humble family, plain in appearance, rather silly in talk and manner and utterly unused to society. He was, however, deeply and honestly in love with Hedda. He was steady and laborious. He was believed to have a snug little property and good prospects in life as a teacher and professor.

Then came the death of the handsome old General and the time that tried the lovers' souls. For he died, as it seems, leaving to his daughter only his pair of pistols, with which she loved to practice, and the portrait of his handsome old self, with which she adorned her room. It was a sad time for Hedda, the years that followed her father's death. The wily Judge Brack stood prudently aloof. Eilert, yielding entirely to drink and women, threw away fortune and character, and after a stormy interview, in which Miss Hedda came near to shooting him with one of the General's pistols, he disappeared from the city. But George Tasman was true to his love, true and persistent. He offered to buy the pretty Falk villa for her and to take her on a grand wedding-tour to Switzerland and Italy. Poor Hedda was by this time twenty-eight years old. Perhaps she was tired of society, tired of being poor. She was touched a little by George's faithful affection. At last she married him and they went off on their wedding-tour, George receiving a doctor's degree and a travelling fellowship, which helped him to pay expenses. They were absent on their wedding trip six months. Then, in September, 1890, just as the Norwegian woods were

turning yellow, they came home and settled down in the Falk villa. In that six months' journey Hedda had seen the mad folly of her marriage. She had married George without loving him. She despised him and his old aunts as of inferior social rank. She was weary of his endless talk about the book he was going to write. She had found him to be far more foolish and weak than she had thought, and far less well off. And, to make matters worse, she had discovered in herself the signs of pregnancy, and looked forward with horror to being the mother of George's children. In this state of things her old lovers, Judge Brack and Eilert Løvborg, came with eagerness to resume their intimacy. Foolish George received them both with effusive warmth. Judge Brack, discovering the young wife's misery, begins to plot to win her love for himself. Eilert, who meanwhile had reformed and written a successful book, came to upbraid her with insulting words for having married so far below her. He himself, however, since he had parted from Hedda, while living in the country and writing his book, had won the love of an old schoolmate of Hedda's, Thea Rysing, who was now the wife of Sheriff Elvsted. Hedda, jealous of the new love in the life of the man that had been so close to herself, tempts Eilert once more to drink. Fearful that Eilert might by his superior talent take from George the professorship that was to be her living, she managed to destroy the manuscript of the great book that was to make his reputation. Then, when Eilert came to her, maddened by debauch and misery, she hinted that he might escape from his shame by suicide, and loaned him one of her father's pistols for the dreadful deed. Eilert shoots himself. Brack discovers that the pistol had been given him by Hedda. Then, when Brack tries to get the unhappy woman into his own power by threatening the discovery of the scandal, Hedda walked into the other room and shot herself with the other pistol. And so, with poor George in pitiful wailing over his beautiful wife, and with sly old Brack confounded by the escape of his victim, the story of Hedda and her brace of pistols comes to its end.

This tale, it is plain, has in it great possibilities of dramatic interest. There is room for nice observation of character, for delicate wit, and for all intensity of pathos. The men and women that it sets before us have that double charm which belongs to the best dramatic work. They are full of keenly felt individual life, and, at the same time, they stand as types of general human expression. Hedda's mistake in marrying George, Eilert's fall, Brack's artful scheming, Mrs. Elvsted's infatuation, are all facts of human life, which, with change of detail and environment, repeat themselves in all ages and in all societies. Even if these events were given in the ordinary form of a modern novel, or of a modern play, they would serve to make a good plot. But, as handled by Ibsen, the events of this story move onward with a force of dramatic tension that cannot be resisted. It is, I think, in the

novel ways of arraying his incidents and of grouping his characters that he reveals the secret of his dramatic genius. Let me try, therefore, in dealing with the facts of this now familiar story, to bring before us what may be called his principles of dramatic construction.

The story, as I have sketched it, is reduced by Ibsen to dramatic form in a series of fifty-one scenes. They take up the story on the morning when Hedda, as George's bride, begins her new life in the Falk villa; and they carry it to the moment of Hedda's death. In the management of these scenes, the first thing that strikes us is the rigid adhesion to the principle of unity of place. All the scenes are represented as occurring in the same room, which is Hedda's sitting-room, in her new house. In this point, I think, Ibsen makes a conscious reaction against the freedom of the romantic drama, and a revolt against the domination of scene-painters and scene-shifters in the modern theatre. The effect of it is, beyond a doubt, concentristic and an economy of intellectual force. All the powers of attraction are to be given to the faces and gesture and words of the characters upon the stage. The drama is to be reduced from the splendor of scenic display to the minute study of human emotion. In something of the same spirit, the story that spreads over ten years is concentrated within the time space of thirty-six hours. The effect of this concentration is, in many ways, remarkable. For all the events that filled these ten years in the lives of the seven characters, so far as these events are needful for us to know, have to be conveyed to us in the talk of the characters themselves. Thus the conversation is packed full of facts and allusions and reminiscences that work with wonderful power upon the imagination. And, in order to give opportunity for all this mass of essential facts, one-half or more of the entire play (one hundred and thirty-nine pages out of two hundred and seventy-two) has to be given up, before the action of the drama begins, to the talk of the characters with one another. In this way, by the force of Ibsen's peculiar talent, his characters become known to us with an intimacy of personal knowledge that is almost magical. Five days together, I have felt that Hedda and Eilert and Brack, and even poor George, were persons as real as any that I shake hands with. But the strain of this method upon the poet himself is immense. For he has to keep the conversation going with a vivacity that never fails and with a skill that never misses its mark. In Ibsen's hands, however, the method works to a charm. There is not one, I think, in all these one hundred and thirty-nine pages of conversation, where the sparkle of the dialogue fails or the imagination wearies.

The same principle of concentration of interest is applied by Ibsen to his characters also. Thus, to carry on the action of this drama, he makes use of only seven characters. There are many more than these in Shakespeare's chief tragedies (viz., fourteen in the *Othello*, twenty-

one in the *Lear*, and twenty-four in the *Hamlet*), and so, by ridding himself of superfluous characters, is Ibsen able to keep the main characters so constantly before us as to impress upon our minds the meaning and import of each. Hedda, for example, is most upon the stage, in forty-six scenes out of fifty-one, an excess of strain upon a single character hardly, I think, to be paralleled. This, as compared with the women of our English romantic drama, is to be regarded as an essential part of Ibsen's dramatic method. In order to make each character impress our minds the more deeply he lessens the number of his characters and increases the prominence of the few that remain.

In all these points that I have named, in unity of plan, in limit of time and in concentration of characters, the method of Ibsen is altogether unlike the method of Shakespeare. It is, in fact, a reversion to the method of the Greeks; and yet, if the separate scenes in Ibsen's dramas be considered one by one, it is plain that he has learned from Shakespeare that which was the grandest element of Shakespeare's skill, viz., his manner of contrasting his separate scenes. In the first place, there is the same careful avoidance of long, unbroken speeches. The give-and-take of the dramatic dialogue is so swift as never to risk the danger of becoming tedious. The longest single speech is not longer than eight lines, about seventy words. By this means the resemblance of the dramatic dialogue to real conversation is made amazingly close.

In the second place, Ibsen has learned from Shakespeare that the real movement of the dramatic action is to be carried forward only by scenes between the characters, by scenes that may be called dialogues—like those between Macbeth and Lady Macbeth, or between Othello and Iago. It is only in such scenes that one human will can be made to act with full force upon another. Thus, in Ibsen's drama, out of fifty-one scenes twenty-four are scenes of two characters, and these are the very scenes that make the play. Scores of these scenes are group-scenes of many characters, which have their inferior unfolding, and each are thirteen in number; and in addition there is one scene of one character, a soliloquy of four lines, the scene in which Hedda burns the manuscript that involves her lover's ruin—for, like Shakespeare, Ibsen believes that soliloquy, the most tremendous of dramatic engines, is to be used most rarely, and only for the attainment of the most tremendous effect. On the contrary, Shelley's *Cenci* is full of soliloquy.

In the third place, the method of Ibsen is founded upon the method of Shakespeare in what may be called the jointing of his scenes. For each scene, at its beginning, is made by some clever device to attach itself to the scene that has just closed. From this point of junction the new scene is carried onward to its decisive point, the point at which the will of the one character is made to control the action of

the others, and then, the progress of the scene being thus successive, the scene is made by some fresh device to attach itself to the scene that follows. In this way of jointing scene to scene, so that separation is impossible, the art of Ibsen is beyond all praise. For example, the forty-eighth scene, the third of the fourth act, in which Hedda forces her husband to share with her in the guilt of burning the manuscript, is a true masterpiece of dramatic workmanship.

So much for Ibsen's method of constructing his separate scenes, a method that, although in many points very unlike the Shakespearian method, is profoundly skilful. Let us try in the next place to discover his method of so combining the separate scenes as to build up the entire drama.

In this arrangement of scenes Ibsen has two distinct aims. In the first place, he wishes to bring before us in all possible fulness of detail the environment of circumstances in which Hedda finds herself placed. In the second place, he wishes to bring before us in all possible clearness of exposition the motives that control Hedda's mind, and that drive her to her course of action. Thus the entire play is developed, scene after scene, with a strange kind of mathematical precision, from combining a certain dramatic situation with a certain dramatic emotion. The scenes are arranged in such sequence as to exhibit, first, the circumstances that produce Hedda's state of feeling, and second, the state of feeling that produces her action. So the special art of Ibsen may be said to lie in exhibiting the action of his characters as developed by the force of a strong dramatic emotion from the circumstances of a well-defined dramatic situation.

It is, I think, in constructing the details of his dramatic situation that the method of Ibsen is most unlike the method of all the other great dramatic poets. There is the point in which he is the most original and, to many of us, the most offensive. For, in order to produce his effect, he strips away from his dramatic situation all that is romantic and about all that is generous and noble in human life. The scenes, for example, are laid in that region of middle-class existence where life is hardest and meanest. The situation of his characters is full of sordid cares and of petty and miserable scheming. The environment in which they live is devoid of all beauty, and the incidents and occupations of their lives are devoid of all the romantic interests, and of all magic dignity. Even the little Norwegian city in which these people live seems to have in itself and its surroundings no touch of natural beauty or of historical interest. Hedda's one servant, the good and faithful Bertha, is of middle age, ugly and countrified. George's old aunt, dear and good Miss Tasman, who has spent her sweet life in doing the largest possible amount of good on the smallest possible income, goes about with bonnet and parasol so cheap and gaudy as to excite derision. George himself is a foolish young man, who, to please

his wife, has taken a house beyond his means, and who is very unhappy about his chances of making a living. Eilert, in spite of his talents, is a vicious young scamp, who has ruined himself by vulgar dissipation. Mrs. Elvsted is a weak and silly woman, who from being governess to the sheriff's children has married the old sheriff himself, and then fallen in love with his children's tutor. Brack is a lawyer who, clever enough in his bad way, finds his chief amusement in drinking-bouts and amorous intrigues. And Hedda herself, though born to a more exalted social rank, is selfish and tricky and insolent, incapable of an honest affection, with a mind chiefly set on having a new piano and a man-servant in livery. All, in fact, that goes to make the dramatic situation is given with a force of intense realism that sickens and depresses. It is all so commonplace and so vulgar as to make us wish at first to escape from the company in which the poet has placed us. We long for the breath of romance, for beautiful scenes, for exciting incidents, for noble and generous characters. But even while we are watching the scene before us we become aware, amid all the vulgar surroundings, of the play of strong passion and of the stealthy approach of most tragical fates. These commonplace incidents of daily life, this drinking of endless glasses of cold punch and this turning over the leaves of photograph albums, are shaping themselves under the guidance of a great poet's imagination into scenes of most tremendous dramatic interest. And as the play goes on we discover that in this poet's mind the meanness of the dramatic situation is his deliberate contrivance to bring upon us with more intense energy, as by force of grotesque contrast, the awful significance of the dramatic emotion.

For, as we have seen, the purpose of Ibsen in dealing with his dramatic situation is only to reveal to us the origin and the nature and the special form of the dramatic emotion. He sets before us, for example, all the circumstances of Hedda's life, all this incredible fullness of vulgar, realistic details, for the purpose of forcing us to see why Hedda feels as she does feel, and why she does, each in turn, the various deeds that make up the tragedy. For, as I said in the beginning, Ibsen is by force of natural genius a lyrical poet. His main interest is always the interest that he feels in the emotions. The main striving of his mind is to express human emotion, and to trace, from phase to phase, the growth within the soul itself of those feelings by which his characters are controlled.

And yet in spite of his unceasing effort to make the dramatic emotion clear, the main fault of Ibsen's method is the failure to bring out that emotion with sufficient clearness. This in reality is the fault that English critics have found with his workmanship, the fault that will, I think, always keep him from becoming in the highest degree popular. It will be seen, by comparing his plays with one of Shakespeare's or one of Sophocles'. In all great dramatic poems, it is the

simplicity of the dramatic emotion that produces the dramatic effect. We feel no doubt, for example, as to the feeling that makes Macbeth plot the death of Banquo. We are never uncertain as to the origin and nature of the emotion that leads Antigone to bury her brother. But Ibsen in this point also is a poet not of dramatic genius, but of lyrical. He studies the emotion rather in itself than in its consequences. He shuns all emotions that are simple and obvious. He seeks for states of emotion that are complex and difficult. Thus, in the very crises of his dramatic action, we find ourselves perplexed by problems of too great subtlety. We fail to see that each action of each character is the direct result of that character's emotion. The motive, instead of being plain and simple, is complex and far to seek. Consider, for example, the fortieth scene in *Hedda Gabler*, the scene in which Hedda gives her pistol to Eilert and sends him off to take his own life. What makes her do it? What is the emotion that leads her to desire the death of the man that she loves? It is a riddle set for us to work out as a problem in psychology. There is, in fact, no one emotion that expresses the action, no simple, sublime form that is acting. Her state of feeling is a complexity of many emotions. Her action is, as it were, the mechanical resultant of many forces. There was anger in her heart against this man because he had excited her girlish passions, and yet had failed to see that she loved him, and had not married her. There was, in the second place, jealousy because she saw him deeply loved by another woman. Then there was the sordid fear that Eilert, if he lived to publish his book, might receive the professorship that she wanted her husband to gain. And in the fourth place, there was the feeling of shame that the man whom she had loved would sink so low as to disgrace himself by drunkenness and debauchery and vile companionship. Such a blending of motives is, indeed, entirely human. It is full, in a certain way, of the deepest psychological and practical interest. But to substitute a complex for a single emotion is undramatic. It has the effect of troubling our minds, of setting us to work out and answer enigmas. It is the sacrifice of dramatic form to logical analysis. This, in the treatment of dramatic emotions, is the very point where Ibsen departs most widely from Shakespeare. It is Shakespeare that is right, Ibsen who is wrong. For, when Shakespeare had a problem of complex and subtle emotion to present, he put it in a sonnet, not in a tragedy. In dramatic art there is no cunning trick of emotional analysis that can equal the effect of direct and simple emotion.

From what has been said of Ibsen's handling of the story, it is plain that his plan of construction must be widely different from that great artistic plan which Shakespeare has made familiar to us. The difference lies in the proportion of part to part along the five parts of the dramatic movement. All the parts are, indeed, present. But

they are present in disproportionate masses. While one of these five parts is swollen to immense overgrowth, certain other parts are shrunk away almost to vanishing. Thus Ibsen's method of construction, as compared with Shakespeare's, is marked by absence of dramatic symmetry. And yet on this point also, as in so many others, the genius of Ibsen works with a strange kind of mathematical precision. He divides his dramatic movement into two about equal halves. Of these the first half contains the picture of the dramatic situation—given, in the *Hedda Gabler*, in twenty-three scenes, comprising about one hundred and thirty-nine pages—while the second half contains the story of the dramatic emotions, and of its resulting action, given in twenty-eight scenes consisting of one hundred and thirty-three pages. Thus even while he shatters the symmetry of the old artistic proportion, he discovers a certain new form of symmetry for himself.

The first part of the dramatic construction, the *protasis* or exposition has the purpose of making known to us the situation and the personal character of the story, as they are when the action of the play is begun. In Shakespeare's method the protasis occupies three-fourths of the first act, about one-sixth of the entire poem. But Ibsen, as we have seen, extends the protasis of his work to lavish profusion of details. For example, in the play before us, by means of elaborate and life-like dialogues, he unfolds one by one all the essential events that have filled ten years in the lives of his seven characters, and along with so much personal history he paints for us the characters themselves. First there is the sketch of Bertha, the old servant-maid, and of old Miss Tasman, George's aunt. Then there is Mr. George himself, revealed in his goodness and stupidity. Then comes the careful delineation of Hedda in all the charm of her grateful and seductive womanhood. Then, as foil to Hedda, there is the timid and lovesick Mrs. Elvsted. Next a full-length portrait of the bustling, scheming lawyer, his honor Judge Brack; and finally, after most elaborate preparation of our minds to receive him, there is the picture of Eilert Løvborg, the friend and corrupter of Hedda's girlhood. In all this it is impossible to exaggerate the sharpness and the artistic charm of Ibsen's reading of character and situation. But it has to be done, according to his method, at immense length; and so the first part of the drama, instead of Shakespeare's one-sixth, fills more than one-half of the entire poem.

The second part of the poem is, of course, the *epitasis*, the tightening of the plot. It fills, according to Shakespeare's method, about two-fifths of the entire poem, running usually from the closing scenes of the first act to the middle of the third. Ibsen gives to this epitasis in his *Hedda Gabler* fourteen scenes, or fifty pages, about one-fifth of the whole play. It is, after so much conversation, full of movement and

of passion. It begins, of course, with the great scene, opening the dramatic action—Scenes 24 to 28. Hedda finds herself alone with Eilert, and when Eilert reproaches her with having married George Tasman, she retorts that she had once loved Eilert himself well enough to give herself to him, but that he had been too foolish to see and use his good fortune. In the management of this scene Ibsen makes use of a dramatic trick, which has a very powerful effect. He lets the real scene be broken, at its points of most intense interest, by little parenthetical scenes of trivial importance. For while Hedda is talking with Eilert, time and time again George comes in offering punch and cigarettes. By this means, the suspense of the scene is kept up and the effect of the situation intensified almost to the point of nervous irritation.

From this point the movement of the plot is rapid. Hedda, who knows Eilert's passion for drink, persuades him to take punch with her: and when he is half tipsy she brings about a quarrel between him and Mrs. Elvsted. Then she sends him off for a night of hard drinking with Judge Brack and her husband. In the early morning she gets from George the precious manuscript of Eilert's great book, which Eilert, in his drunken folly, has dropped upon the street, and which George had picked up intending to restore to him. A few moments after getting possession of the manuscript she learns from Judge Brack that Eilert has ended his night of debauch by going to see a disreputable woman and getting into a fight with the police. Hence, at the end of the thirty-seventh scene (the sixth scene of the third act), the *epitasis* comes to its ending. The plot is not completed. Hedda holds in her hands Eilert's precious manuscript, uncertain as yet what to do with it.

The third part of the poem—the climax of the dramatic action—fills three scenes, the thirty-eighth, thirty-ninth and fortieth (III. 7, 8, 9). It is of incomparable power, by far the master-scene of the poem. Eilert, still half drunk from the effect of the Judge's supper, finds himself in the company of the two women that have loved him. He has lost his manuscript: he is full of shame and remorse at his own relapse into drunkenness. He turns almost fiercely upon Mrs. Elvsted, and orders her to go back to her husband. The poor woman, heart-broken and desperate, leaves the man for whom she has abandoned husband and home. Then Eilert is alone with Hedda. He breaks down into unmanly despair at the loss of his manuscript and the ruin of his life. There is then a moment in which Hedda seems to pity him, and to be about to tell him that his manuscript is safe and his future redeemable. But, at this moment, the poor fool breaks out into a wild confession of his love for Mrs. Elvsted. With great dignity Hedda fetches one of her pistols, and shows Eilert that for a brave man there is only one way out of such a slough of shame and ruin. Eilert accepts the gift of the pistol and goes forth, leaving Hedda alone.

From this point, the climax at the end of the fortieth scene (the ninth of the third act), the fourth part of the poem begins—the *catabasis* or downward movement of the action. In Shakespeare's plan of construction the catabasis fills the space from the middle of the third act to the middle of the fifth, or about two-fifths of the poem. In Ibsen it is reduced to nine scenes of forty pages, less than one-sixth. Thus the progress of events becomes extremely rapid. There is barely time to follow the swift succession of scenes. The fourth stage of the present poem, as is usual, opens with the great scene that is called the moment of dramatic revenge. Hedda, as soon as Eilert is gone, brings his manuscript out of its hiding-place. She plays with the leaves, and then, with cruel words of triumph over her rival and her betrayer, she burns them leaf by leaf in the stove. "Yes, I am burning your child. There, you with your curly hair! Your child and Eilert's child!"

Hardly is the manuscript safely burned, when George comes in, uneasy about Eilert, and eager to let him know that the manuscript is safe. Then comes another scene of surpassing skill. Hedda confesses to her husband that she had destroyed the manuscript, makes him believe that she has done it for his sake, and sends him off wild with joy at the news that she is about to present him with a child. Then, in swift, strong scenes, Hedda learns from Mrs. Elvsted and from Brack the news of Eilert's death. Then she has to face the wily assault of Brack—for he has seen the pistol with which Eilert shot himself and knows that it is Hedda's. If she will accept his love Brack will keep silent; if she refuse him he will tell the story, and make public all the scandal of Hedda's life. She looks him in the face. "So I'm to be a slave then, entirely in your power." And the clever judge chuckles and rubs his hands. "We shall have great fun together, we two, Mrs. Hedda." And so the fourth part of the poem, the catabasis, ends.

And then in one page more the catastrophe, the end of all. George and Mrs. Elvsted under the bright lamp are chatting about the possibility of re-writing, from his notes, poor Eilert's manuscript. Judge Brack in his arm-chair by the fire indulges in sweet hopes of Hedda's kisses. Hedda steps into the neighboring room, and strikes on her piano a few bars of wild dance-music. Then being reminded by George of Eilert's death, with apology for the unseemly noise, she says, "I will be quiet after this." She makes through the curtain a final gibe at Judge Brack's smiling self-complacency. Then a pistol shot is heard, and Hedda is lying dead on the sofa, and poor George is left a widower, and Judge Brack most unkindly robbed of his triumph. And thus, at the close of all, seal and sign-manual, as it were, of Ibsen's genius, there is the flash of his grotesque humor, the smile that twitches the very lips of death.

Such, I think, are the salient features of Ibsen's method, the principles of his technical process. In this there is plainly the force of a great genius, and perhaps the opening of a new path for the drama of the coming century. But for us, in studying the curious workmanship, there is one question that demands its answer: What is the precise divergence of Ibsen's method from Shakespeare's? In what ways and to what degree, after the lapse of three centuries, has this new poet varied from that model of dramatic construction which Shakespeare established. To this question, I have tried, as I expounded the play of *Hedda Gabler*, to give the right answer. There is, first, the reversion to unity of place, and to unity of time, and to concentration of character; that is, there is the reversion of modern art to the principle of Greek construction—a reversion that may be compared with the reversion of Flaxman and Thorwaldsen to the principles of Greek sculpture. In the second place, there is the triumph of modern realism in the vulgarity and triviality of the dramatic situation in the absence of beauty, in the absence of nobleness, in the absence of romantic glamour. In the third place, there is that sacrifice of simple to complex emotion, the effort to create a new form of dramatic interest by involving the motives of the dramatic character in a psychological puzzle. In the fourth place, there is the violent disturbance of the traditional symmetry of dramatic construction, the expansion of the protasis from one-sixth to one-half of the poem, and the proportionate reduction of the other four parts.

These are the changes that Ibsen has made in dealing with Shakespeare's model of dramatic action. They are changes that come, as I have said, from the lyrical nature of Ibsen's peculiar genius. But in spite of that genius, it may, I think, be safely said that a form of dramatic art which thus breaks the lovely symmetry of dramatic construction, and thus surrenders the power of simple and direct dramatic emotion, can never, I think, establish itself in permanent possession of the stage.

THOMAS R. PRICE.

INIGO JONES.

INIGO, or Ignatius, Jones, the father of stage art and the first designer of stage machinery and "practicable" scenery, was born of Welsh parents, who had settled in the city of London in the parish of Bartholomew the Less, in West Smithfield, in the year 1573, and the record of his birth in the church of St. Bartholomew appears as of July 19 in that year. His father was employed, as was almost every dweller in the neighborhood, in the manufacture of cloth.

The fair of St. Bartholomew was long the great cloth fair of England, and the early character of the place is still indicated in the name of an adjoining street, called "Cloth Fair." The Register which records the baptism of Inigo records also the burial of his grandmother, and contains the baptisms and burials of a younger brother, named Philip, and of two sisters, all of whom died in infancy.

The father was in indifferent circumstances when Jones was a lad of sixteen; and a Book of Orders and Decrees of the Court of Requests, preserved in the Chapter House at Westminster, contains the decree of the Court, made 18th October, 1589, in the matter at variance "between Enego Jones, of the cittie of London, Clothworker, and Richard Baker, of the same cittie, Baker." Jones, the father, had become bound to Baker in the sum of £80, "for the sure payment of £60 at a day certen limited by the condition." He had managed to pay off a portion of the debt; and Baker, as was alleged, had agreed to accept the residue, at the rate of ten shillings every month. A dispute followed, the nature of which is not explained; and Baker thereupon commenced an action for the recovery of his money. Jones, on this, appealed "to the Queen's Majesty's Honourable Court of Requests," to stay the proceedings at law. The decree of the Court, on the appeal, was to confirm the arrangement previously agreed upon, and Inigo Jones was ordered to pay ten shillings a month, from the next 31st of December till the debt should be liquidated.

Of Jones' early life little is known, with anything like certainty. The most probable account, says Walpole, is that he was bound apprentice to a joiner. His father, it is quite clear, had very little to leave him. His will was made 14th February, 1596-97, only a few months before his death, and is very short. He describes himself as "Clothworker of the parish of St. Bennet, Paul's Wharf;" appoints his son Inigo his executor; directs his body to be buried by the side of his wife, in the chancel of the church of St. Bennet, Paul's Wharf; and leaves whatever he possesses, after the payment of his debts, bills, and obligations, to his son Inigo and his three daughters, Joan, Judith, and Mary, to be divided equally among them. The father was buried

in the church of St. Bennet, and his will was proved by Inigo, as executor, on the 5th of April, 1597. The future architect was then in his twenty-fourth year.

Whatever Jones's education or profession may have been, he was early distinguished by his inclination for "drawing or designing," and was, we are told by his first biographer, "particularly taken notice of for his skill in the practice of landscape painting." This reputation, it is added, supplied him with a patron; and one of the great lords at court (either Lord Arundel or Lord Pembroke), attracted by his works, sent him "to Italy, to study landscape painting." Such is the received account, which is at least somewhat doubtful. Jones's own words, in his book upon Stonehenge, fails to bear it out. "Being naturally inclined," he observes, "in my younger years, to study the arts of design, I passed into foreign parts, to converse with the great masters thereof in Italy, where I applied myself to search out the ruins of those ancient buildings which, in despite of time itself and violence of barbarians, are yet remaining. Having satisfied myself in these, and returning to my native country, I applied my mind more particularly to architecture." When he ceased to be a painter, there is certainly no evidence; but that he had acquired a skill in the art appears by a small landscape from his hand, bought by the Earl of Burlington, and still preserved at Chiswick. "The colouring," says Walpole, "very indifferent, but the trees freely and masterly imagined."

Of this part of Jones's life our only direct information is derived from a passage in the *Vindication of Stonehenge*, written by Webb, his pupil, kinsman and executor. "He was," says Webb, "architect general unto four mighty kings, two heroick queens, and that illustrious and never to be forgotten Prince Henry. Christianus the fourth, King of Denmark, first engrossed him to himself, sending for him out of Italy, where, especially at Venice, he had many years resided. Upon the first coming of that king into England, he attended him, being desirous that his own native soil, rather than a foreign, should enjoy the fruits of his laborious studies. Queen Anne here honoured him with her service first; and not long after, Prince Henry, under whom with such fidelity and judgment he discharged his trust, as that King James made him his surveyor, in reversion. Prince Henry dying, he travelled into Italy, and returned into England when his place fell."* In the assertion conveyed by this passage, that Inigo accompanied King Christianus to England, there is undoubtedly, however, a mistake; for the king did not arrive till the 17th of July, 1606, and Jones was employed at the English court before that time. But that his stay in Denmark, as Webb tells, was long, there is no reason to doubt; though the nature of his employment is unknown. He is said

* Webb's *Vindication*, p. 123.

to have assisted in building part of the palace of Fredericksborg; and the principal court, it has been observed, bears a marked resemblance to the court of Heriot's Hospital, in Edinburgh, which is attributed to Jones, and not improperly, as I am inclined to believe.*

We first hear of Inigo Jones in England in his thirty-second year. The Queen of James I. had ordered a Masque to be performed at the Court at Whitehall on Twelfth Night, 1604-5. The poet was Ben Jonson; and this was his, as well as Jones's, first employment in this way. The title of the Masque was "The Masque of Blackness," and "the bodily part," as Jonson tells us, "was of Master Inigo Jones's design and act." It was the first entertainment given by the Queen, and the subject of the Masque was a suggestion of her own. "It was her Majesty's will," says Jonson, "to have them blackmoors."

Jonson's description of Jones's portion of the work contains the earliest notice we possess of the use of scenery in stage-entertainments:

"First for the scene was drawn a *landtshap* [landscape], consisting of small woods, and here and there a void place filled with huntings; which falling, an artificial sea was seen to shoot forth, as if it flowed to the land, raised with waves which seemed to move, and in some places the billows to break, as imitating that orderly disorder which is common in nature. In front of this sea were placed six tritons, in moving and sprightly actions, their upper parts human, save that their hairs were blue, as partaking of the sea-colour: their desinent parts fish, mounted above their heads, and all varied in disposition. From their backs were borne out certain light pieces of taffata, as if carried by the wind, and their music made out of wreathed shells. Behind these, a pair of sea-maids, for song, were as conspicuously seated; between which, two great sea-horses, as big as the life, put forth themselves; the one mounted aloft, and writhing his head from the other, which seemed to sink forward; so intended for variation, and that the figure behind might come off better: upon their backs Oceanus and Niger were advanced. . . . The Masquers were placed in a great concave shell, like mother of pearl, curiously made to move on those waters and rise with the billow; the top thereof was stuck with a cheveron of lights, which, indented to the proportion of the shell, struck a glorious beam upon them, as they were seated one above another: so that they were all seen but in an extravagant disorder. On sides of the shell did swim six huge sea monsters, varied in their shapes and dispositions, bearing on their backs the twelve torchbearers, who were planted there in several graces. . . . These thus presented, the scene behind seemed a vast sea, and united with this that flowed forth, from the termination or horizon of which (being the level of the state which was placed in the upper part of the Hall) was drawn by the lines of perspective, the work shooting downwards from the eye; which decorum made it more conspicuous, and caught the eye afar off with a wandering beauty: to which was added an obscure and cloudy night piece, that made the whole set off. So much for the bodily part, which was of Master Inigo Jones's design and act."

* Andersen Feldborg's *Denmark Delineated*, p. 88.

The cost of the Masque was about £10,000 of our present money. Jones's early practice in painting was no doubt of use to him in drawing "the landscape of small woods, and here and there a void place filled with huntings."

In the autumn of the same year, Jones was employed on the scenery and devices necessary for the due performance of three plays presented before the King on the 28 August, 1605, in the present Hall of Christ Church, Oxford. Of his success on this occasion a contemporary has left the following account: "They hired one Mr. Jones, a great traveller, who undertook to further them much, and furnish them with rare devices, but performed little to what was expected. He had for his pains, as I have constantly heard, £50." "The stage," so runs the description, "was built close to the upper end of the Hall, as it seemed at the first sight: but indeed it was but a false wall, faire painted, and adorned with stately pillars, which pillars would turn about; by reason whereof, with the help of other painted cloths, their stage did vary three times in the acting of one tragedy."

"The Masque of Hymen," on the succeeding Twelfth Night, (1605-6) was also the work of Jonson and Jones. The occasion, though an ill-fated one, was one of great rejoicing and splendor—the marriage of the youthful Earl of Essex (afterwards the Parliamentary general) to Frances Howard, daughter of Thomas Earl of Suffolk, the Lord Treasurer. To Jones's art, on this occasion, the poet bears ample testimony. "The design and art," he says, "together with the devices and their habits, belong properly to the merit and reputation of Master Inigo Jones, whom I take modest occasion, in this fit place, to remember, lest his own worth might accuse me of an ignorant neglect, from my silence." A certain Mr. Pory, one of the news-collectors of the day, and in that character present at the Masque, has given an account of it, in a letter to Sir Robert Cotton. "Both Jones, Ben, and the actors, men and women," he says, "did their parts with great commendation." The music was composed by "Master Alphonso Ferrabosco," and the dances made and taught by "Master Thomas Giles." The dresses were unusually superb; and, it would seem, from one of the short descriptions of Jonson, that Jones attempted what was then new upon the stage:

"Here the upper part of the scene, which was all of clouds, and made artificially to swell, and ride like the rack, began to open; and the air clearing, in the top thereof was discovered Juno sitting in a throne supported by two beautiful peacocks; above her the region of fire, with a continual motion, was seen to whirl circularly, and Jupiter standing in the top (figuring the Heaven), brandishing his thunder."

The poet was present, and assisted in turning a globe, wherein the masquers sat. The globe was so contrived that it "stood, or rather hung, for no axle was seen to support it."

In the next year's entertainments at Court, Jones probably was not employed. Jonson certainly was not; for the poet who made the Masque for Twelfth Night, 1606-7, was Thomas Campion, who has left a description of it in print. It is a poor, tame performance, and the printed copy is chiefly valuable for an engraving of one of the masquers, dressed. There is no mention of Inigo Jones in the printed account.

The Queen's second Masque, the work of Jonson, was "The Masque of Beauty," presented at the Court at Whitehall on the Sunday after Twelfth Night, 1607-8. But Inigo Jones, there is reason to believe, was unconnected with this performance also. "The order of the scene," says Jonson, "was carefully and ingeniously disposed, and as happily put in act (for the motions) by the King's master carpenter. The painters, I must need say (not to belie them), lent small colour to any, to attribute much of the spirit of these things to their pencils." The King's master carpenter was William Portington, an officer of the Board of Works, of whom a curious portrait is preserved at Carpenters' Hall. Had Jones been employed, his name would doubtless have been mentioned by Jonson. He was, however, employed with Jonson, and at this very time, in devising a Masque in celebration of "the Lord Viscount Haddington's marriage at Court on the Shrove Tuesday at night, 1608" (1607-8). The Masque is called "The Hue and Cry after Cupid." "The two latter dances," says Jonson, "were made by Thomas Giles, the two first by Master Hier Herne. The tunes were Master Alphonso Ferrabosco's. The device and act of the scene Master Inigo Jones's, with addition of the trophies. For the invention of the whole, and the verses, *Assertor qui dicat esse meos, imponet plagiaro pudorem.*" This is the great Masque mentioned by Rowland Whyte, in a letter to the Earl of Shrewsbury: "The great Maske intended for my L. Haddington's marriage is now the only thing thought upon at Court, by 5 English—Lord Arundel, Lord Pembroke, Lord Montgomery, Lord Theophilus Howard, and Sir Robert Rich; and by 7 Scottes—Duke of Lenox, Lord D'Aubigny, Lord Hay, Master of Mar, young Erskine, Sanquhar, and Kennedy. It will cost them about £300 a man."

The Queen's next Masque, also the work of Jonson and Jones, was presented at Whitehall on the 2d February, 1608-9, and called "The Masque of Queens." "The device of the witches' attire," Jonson tells us, "was Master Jones's, with the invention and architecture of the whole scene and machine. Only I prescribed them their properties of vipers, snakes, bones, herbs, roots, and other ensigns of their magic, out of the authority of ancient and late writers, wherein the faults are mine, if there be any found; and for that cause I confess them." And in another place, in the preface to the same Masque, he observes:

"There rests only that we give the description we promised of the scene, which was the house of Fame. The structure and ornament of which (as is profest before) was entirely Master Jones's invention and design. First for the lower columns, he chose the statues of the most excellent poets, as Homer, Virgil, Lucan, &c., as being the substantial supporters of Fame. For the upper Achilles, Æneas, Cæsar, and those great heroes which these poets had celebrated. All which stood as in massy gold. Between the pillars underneath were figured land-battles, sea-fights, triumphs, loves, sacrifices, and all magnificent subjects of honour, in brass, and heightened with silver. In which he profest to follow that noble description made by Chaucer of the place. Above were sited the masquers, above whose heads he devised two eminent figures of Honour and Virtue for the arch. The friezes both below and above were filled with several coloured lights, like emeralds, rubies, sapphires, carbuncles, &c., the reflex of which with our lights, placed in the concave, upon the masquers habits was full of glory. These habits had in them the excellency of all device and riches, and were worthily varied by his invention, to the nations whereof they were queens. Nor are these alone his due; but divers other accessions to the strangeness and beauty of the spectacle; as the Hell, the going about of the chariots, and binding the witches, the turning machine, with the presentation of Fame. All which I willingly acknowledge for him; since it is a virtue planted in good natures, that what respects they wish to obtain fruitfully from others, they will give ingenuously themselves."

Jones's reputation now introduced him to other employment. In the books of the Treasurer of the Chamber to the King is the following entry: "To Inico Jones, upon therle of Salisburies warraunte, dated 16 June, 1609, for carreinge Lres for his Mat^a servyce into Fraunce. xiiij^{li}. vj^s. viij^d." Of the nature of the service in which he had thus been employed there is no account. "Carrying letters," at this time, was a sort of letter of introduction into good society, and was coveted and often obtained by all who sought distinction either at home or in foreign courts.

The date of the Lord Treasurer's warrant shows the period of Jones's return to London, where he soon found fresh employment, in assisting his old associate, Ben Jonson, in devising another Masque for the Queen, to be presented at Christmas, 1610-11. The Bill of Costs was discovered among the Pell Records, and is the most full and interesting account we have of the cost and getting up of one of these princely and expensive entertainments. Inigo Jones and Ben Jonson received the same rewards for their parts in the "invention:"

THE BILL OF ACCOUNT OF THE HOLE CHARGES OF THE QUEEN'S
MAT^s MASKE AT CHRISTMAS, 1610.

	£	s.	d.
Imprimis, to Mr. Inigo Johnes, as appeareth by his bill .	238	16	10
Item, to Mr. Confesse, upon his bill for the 12 fooles .	16	6	6
Item, to his taylor, for making the suits, as appeareth by his bill .		8	
Item, for 128 yards of fustian to lyne their coats, att 10 ^d the yeard .	5	6	8
Item, for 87 ownces of coper lace, at 18 ^d the ownce, and 6 ownces at 20 ^d the ownce, used for the 11 preests gownes and hoodes, w th shoues and scarfs .	7		4
Item, for 24 yards of riband to beare their lutes, att 12 ^d the yeard, and one dozen at 2 ^d the yeard .	1		8
Item, to the taylor, for making those gownes and hoods .	4		
Item, to the 11 preests, to buye their silke stockings and shoues, at £2 a peece .	22		
Item, for 3 yards of flesh collored satten, for Cupid's coat and hose, at 14 ^s the yeard .	2	2	0
Items, for 26 yards of callico, to lyne the preestes hoods, at 20 ^d the yeard .	2	3	4
Item, to the taylor, for making and furnishing of Cupid's suite w th lace and puffs .	1		10
<i>Sma tot.</i> .	£308	14	8

Reward to the person employed in the Maske.

	£
Imprimis, M ^r . Benjamin Johnson, for his invention .	40
Item, to M ^r . Inigo Johnes, for his paynes and invention .	40
Item, to M ^r . Alfonso, for making the songes .	20
Item, to M ^r . Johnson, for setting the songs to the lutes .	5
Item, to Thomas Lupo, for setting the dances to the violins .	5
Item, to M ^r . Confesse, for teaching all the dances .	50
To M ^r . Bochen, for teaching the ladies the footing of 2 dances .	20
To the 12 musicions, that were preestes, that songe and played .	24
Item, to the 12 other lutes that suplied, and w th fluts .	12
Item, to the 10 violencas that continually practized to the Queen .	20
Item, to four more that were added att the Maske .	4
Item, to 15 musitions that played to the pages and fooles .	20
Item, to 13 hoboyes and sackbutts .	10
Item, to 5 boys, that is, 3 Graces, Sphynks, and Cupid .	10
Item, to the 12 fooles that danced .	12
<i>Sma tot.</i> .	£292

Further received from the King's Wardrobe of Sir Roger Aston.

	£.	s.	d.
Imprimis, of several collered taffite, for 12 fooles and 3 Graces, 52½ ells, att 17 ^s the ell	44	8	3
Item, of crimson taffite, for the 11 preestes, amounting to 55 els, and Mr. Confesse his coate being in the number, att 17 ^s the ell	46	15	
Item, of watched Satten, for the preestes hoods and gor- getts, 26 yeards, 3 quarters, att 15 ^s the yeard	19	19	9
Item, of taffite sarsnett, for scarffs to girde their gownds, being 18 ells, at 8 ^s the ell	7	4	
<i>Sma tot.</i>	£118	7	
<i>Total charge</i>	£719	1	3

(Signed) T. SUFFOLKE. E. WORCESTER.

The Masque for which these expenses were incurred is "Love freed from Ignorance and Folly," a Masque of his Majesty's, printed in the folio edition of Jonson's works, without a date. Sphynx and Cupid are two characters in the Masque. The twelve Fools were she-fools, The Graces and Priests are also mentioned.

A Masque was part of the entertainment at Court on the 5th June 1610, the day after Prince Henry's being created Prince of Wales. Jones was employed on this occasion, not, however, with his former associate, Jonson, but with Samuel Daniel—the "well-languaged Daniel," as he was called by his contemporaries. The name of the Masque was "Tethys Festival, or the Queen's Wake," and the poet awarded to Jones an unusual share of commendation. "But in these things," says Daniel, "wherein the only life consists in shew, the art and invention of the *architect* gives the greatest grace, and is of most importance, *ours* the least part, and of least note in the time of the performance thereof, and therefore have I intersected the description of the artificial part, which only speaks M. Inigo Jones." This is higher praise than Jonson had awarded Jones, and Jones's vanity was not untouched by the distinction. Daniel and Jonson were at this time on unfriendly terms; and the way in which the former speaks of a Masque as a trifling matter for a poet, conveys a sneer at Jonson, which none knew better how to value and return.

The youthful Prince, in honor of whose creation this Masque was composed, had now a separate household of his own; and Jones's influence or reputation was such, that he obtained the appointment of Surveyor of the Works in the new establishment. Peter Cunningham states that the fees he received are recorded in the roll of the Prince's expenditure as follows:

"Inigoe Jones, Surveyor of the Woorkes, for his fee, at iij^s per diem, for one whole yeare and a halfe and xlth dayes, begonne the

13th January, 1610[1], and ended at the feast of S^t. Michael the Archangel, 1612. lxxxviii. ij. vj^d."

"Inigoe Jones, Surveyor of the prince's Woorkes, for his fee by lres pattentes, at iij^s per diem, for xxxvij dayes, begonne the first of October, 1612, and ended the vjth of November followinge. cxj^{ll}."

Cunningham adds that same roll contains the Prince's "Gifts and Rewards," with Jones's name on the list for £30—equal to £120 of our present money. Henry understood and appreciated art, and had formed a fine collection of pictures and statues, which made no inconsiderable display in the cabinets and galleries completed by his brother, King Charles I.

The Prince found employment for his Surveyor in devising the machinery and dresses for a Masque presented at Court on New Year's Day at night, being the 1st of January, 1610-11. The cost of the Masque includes a payment to Jones:

"THE PRINCE'S MASKE.

"Payde to sondrye persons, for the chardges of a Maske presented by the Prince before the Kinges ma^{tie} on Newyeres day at night, beinge the first of Januarie 1610, viz. :—

To Mercers	289	8	5
Sylkemen	298	15	6
Haberdashers	74	8	8
Embroiderers	89	16	9
Girdelers and others, for skarfes, beltes, and gloves	74	8	0
Hosyers, for silke stockings, poyntes, rybbons	49	16	
Cutler	7	4	0
Tyrewoman	42	6	
Taylors	143	13	6
Shoemaker	6	10	
To Inigoe Jones, devyser for the said Maske	16		

In all £1,092 6 10

"The Prince's Masque" was written by Ben Jonson, and in his Works is called "Oberon the Fairy Prince, a Masque of Prince Henry's." There is no quarto copy of the Masque, but it is included in the excellent folio of Jonson's Works, printed in 1616.

The office of Surveyor terminated with the death of the Prince, on November 6th, 1612. There were others beside Jones who had reason to regret the loss of such a master, "the glory of our own," as Jonson calls him, "and the grief of other nations." The regret for a time appeared to be deep and general; but the Court, quickly casting off its mourning, rushed, in less than three months, into a succession of magnificent masques and entertainments, to celebrate the marriage of the Palsgrave with the Princess Elizabeth.

Three Masques, by three different poets, were invented in honor of this occasion. The Lords' Masque, presented on Shrove Tuesday, February 14th, 1612-13, was the work of Campion; the Middle

Temple and Lincoln's Inn Masque, presented at Court on the day after, was the performance of Chapman; and the Inner Temple and Gray's Inn Masque, intended for Shrove Tuesday, and presented at Court on Saturday following, was the work of Francis Beaumont. Jones was employed on Chapman's Masque, of which the title ran:

"The Memorable Maske of the two Honorable Houses, or Inns of Court, the Middle Temple and Lyncoln's Inne. As it was performed before the King, at White-Hall, on Shrove Munday at night: being the 15 of February, 1613 [1612-13]. At the the Princely celebration of the most Royall Nuptialls of the Palsgrave, and his thrice gracious Princesse Elizabeth, &c. With a description of their whole show; in the manner of their march on horse-backe to the Court from the Maister of the Rolls his house: With all their right Noble Consorts, and most showfull attendants. Invented and fashioned, with the ground and speciall structure of the whole worke, By our Kingdomes most Artfull and Ingenious Architect, Innigoones. Supplied, I aplied, Digested, and written, By Geo: Chapman." [4to., n.d.]

The performers and their assistants made their headquarters at the Rolls' House, in Chancery Lane, and rode through the Strand, past Charing Cross, to the Tilt-yard at Whitehall, where they made one turn before the King, and then dismounted. The performance was in the Hall (a fine old building, destroyed in the reign of William III.); and the works, as invented and fashioned by "our kingdom's most artful and ingenious architect," are thus described:

"First there appeared at the lower end of the Hall an artificial Rock, whose top was near as high as the Hall itself. This Rock was in the undermost part craggy and full of hollow places, in whose concaves were contrived two winding pair of stairs, by whose greeces the persons above might make their descents, and all the way be seen: all this Rock grew by degrees up into a gold colour, and was run quite through with veins of gold. . . . On the one side of the Rock, and eminently raised on a fair Hill, was erected a silver Temple, of an octangular form, in one of the carved compartments of which was written 'HONORIS FANVM.'"

"Upon a pedestal was fixed a round stone of silver, from which grew a pair of golden wings, both faigned to be Fortunes. On the other side of the Rock was a grove. After the speech of Plutus, the middle part of the Rock began to move, and being come some five paces up towards the King, it split in pieces with a great crack, and out break Capriccio," a leading speaker in the Masque. The pieces of the rock "then vanished," and Capriccio delivered his speech. The next change exhibited the upper part of the Rock suddenly turned to a Cloud, discovering a rich and refulgent Mine of Gold, in which the Twelve Maskers were triumphantly seated; their Torchbearers attending before them. "Over this golden Mine, in an Evening Sky, the ruddy Sun was seen to set; and behind the tops of certain White Cliffs by degrees descended, casting up a bank of clouds, in which awhile he was hidden."

This "Memorable Mask" was doubtless what the poet himself has called it, "a shoue at all parts so novel, conceitful, and glorious, as hath not in this land beene ever before beheld." The cost to the Society of Lincoln's Inn alone was £1086 8s. 11d.

Jones's income suffered considerably by the untimely death of the Prince of Wales. His prospects, too, were altered; but he was not without friends, or wanting in that self-reliance without which friends are of very little use. He was, moreover, a free man, with the means to travel, partly through his own exertions, but chiefly by the patronage of the Earls of Arundel and Pembroke, now certainly vouchsafed to him. He made a second visit to Italy, taking books of authority with him, and making memoranda wherever he went. His copy of Palladio (the Folio edition of 1601), preserved at Worcester College, Oxford, contains an entry dated "Vicenza, Mundaie, the 23d of September, 1613:" and one of his Sketch-books (a thin octavo, in a parchment cover, with green strings, now in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire) exhibits his name on the fly-leaf, with "Roma, 1614," written in his fine, bold hand, beneath it.

The copy of Palladio is as rich with notes in Jones's handwriting as the Langbaine, in the British Museum, is with the notes of Oldys (which belonged subsequently to Michael Burghers, the engraver, of whom it was bought 3d March, 1708-9, by Dr. Clarke, and bequeathed by him to Worcester College). One of his entries commences: "In the name of God, Amen. The 2 of January, 1614, I being in Rome, compared these desines following with the Ruines themsealves. Inigo Jones." At folio 64 he has written, "The staires at Chambord I saw, being in France, and there are but 2 wayes to ascend, y^e small hath a waal, w^h windowes cut out, but this, y^e seems, was discoursed to Palladio, and he invented of himseelf thes staires." His Palladio was his inseparable companion, wherever he went, and contains the name of "Andrea Palladio" and "Inigo Jones," coupled together in his own handwriting—such was his admiration, and such his ambition. At b. iv., p. 41, occurs the following entry: "The Temple of Jove, vulgarly called frontispicio di Nerone, or a basilica, sum call it a Temple of the Sun, and that is likelyest." The book was with him, as appears from his own entries, at "Tivoli, June 13, 1614;" at "Rome, 1614;" at "Naples, 1614;" at "Vicenza, 13 Aug., 1614;" and at London, "26 January, 1614;" *i.e.*, 1614-15. Nor did he cease to carry his Palladio about with him even in his progresses in England, as Surveyor of the Works. The following is written on a fly-leaf:

"The lengthe of the great courte, at Windsour, is 350^{fo}, the breadth is 260: this I mesured by paaces the 5 december, 1619.

"The great court at Theobalds is 150^{fo}, the second court is 1^{fo} 10 square, the thirde courte is 88^{fo}—the 20 of June, 1621.

"The front of Northampton Ho. [now Northumberland House, Strand, London] is 162^{fo}, the court is 81^{fo}.

"The first court at Hampton Court is 166^{fo} square.

"The second fountaine court is 92^{fo} broad and 150^{fo} longe.

"The Greene Court is 108^{fo} broad and 116^{fo} longe, the walkes or cloysters ar 14^{fo} betweene the walles. September the 28, 1625."

Of the Temple of Jove he thus writes, June, 13, 1639: "Clemente scoltor Romano tould mee that the ruines of this temple is pulld all downe, to haue the marble, by the Constable Barbannos Collona, by the popes permission: this was the noblest thinge which was in Rome in my time. So as all the good of the ancients will bee utterly ruined ear longe."

On the death, in 1615, of Simon Basil, the Surveyor of the Works, Jones returned to England to take possession of the office, of which the King had granted him the reversion. His pay commenced from the 1st of October in that year; at the rate of eight shillings a day for his entertainment, eighty pounds per annum for his "recompense of availles," and two shillings and eight pence a day for his riding and travelling charges. His riding expenses were subsequently raised, but the fees I have quoted were the fees of the office at the period of his appointment. He had other emoluments. The warrant to the Master of the Wardrobe, on his first appointment, dated 16 March, 1615-16, directs that he should receive "five yards of broad cloth for a gown, at twenty-six shillings and eight pence the yard; one fur of budge, for the same gown, price four pounds; four yards and a half of baize, to line the same, at five shillings the yard; for furring the same gown, ten shillings; and for making the same, ten shillings." The cost of the livery was therefore £12 15s. 10d.; and this sum was paid to him yearly, as Surveyor of the Works, by the Master of the Wardrobe.

That the Earls of Arundel and Pembroke at this time (if not before) were active in bringing the merits of Jones before the King, evidence exists in a letter from Lord Arundel to his Countess, dated from "Salisbury, 30 July, 1615:"

"Upon Thursday nexte, the Kinge dineth at Wilton, by which time my lo. of Pembroke hopes M^r. Jones will be come hither. I tell him I hope he will, but I cannot promise, because I spake not with him of it when I came out of towne. I meane (by God his grace) to be at Arundell on Tuesday or Wednesday, come seavennight, w^{ch} is the eighth or ninthe of Auguste: if M^r. Jones come hither, I will bringe him wth me; if not, you must wth you."

And in a postscript he adds:

"I make noe question but Mr. Jones will soone speake wth M^r. Oldborough, and have under his hand some certainty of his disbursements and employment in Rome. I am sure Mr. Jones will, in his bargain wth Cimandio, include that picture of his father and uncle w^{ch} hangs amonge the rest."

The pressing nature of his duties occasioned, at times, additional

rewards, as appears from entries in the Accounts of the Treasurer of the Chamber :

"To Inigoe Jones, Surveyo^r of his Ma^{ty}s Workes, the Comptroller, M^r. Carpenter, and Clerke of the Woorkes at Whitehall, vpon the Councells warr^t, dated *xv^{to} Nouembris*, 1620, for performing certen workes in the Starchamber in february 1616, January and February 1618, and Aprill and Maye 1619, by the space of fortie dayes, and for making of a Hearse for the Queenes funerall lⁱⁱ.

"To Inigoe Jones, Surveyo^r of the Woorkes, Thomas Baldwyn, Comptroller, and Will^m Portington, M^r. Carpenter, upon the Councells Warr^t, dated *ultimo Decembris*, 1620, for makeing readye and repayr-inge Elye House, in Holborn, for the Spanish Ambassador . . . xx^{li}."

He was, moreover, still employed (with Ben Jonson) in devising scenes and machinery for Masques and entertainments at Court, though this expensive amusement, during the latter half of the reign of James I., was of rarer occurrence than it had been earlier. The King had other tastes and fresh claims for his money; another architect had been introduced, in Jones's absence (Constantine, an Italian.); and the two great contrivers of such inventions, Jones and Jonson, had unfortunately quarrelled.

The first occasion of their quarrel is unknown; that it occurred, however, as early as 1619, is clear, from Jonson's conversations with Drummond in that year. "He said to Prince Charles, of Inigo Jones, that when he wanted to express the greatest villaine in the world, he would call him ane Inigo;" and on the same occasion he observed that, "Jones having accused him for naming him, behind his back, a fool, he denied it; but, says he, I said, He was ane arrant knave, an dI avouch it." A reconciliation seems to have been effected, for they were again employed together as before. This reconciliation was not lasting; and after a short interval there was a second and a fiercer quarrel. The dispute with Jonson was varied by a piece of good fortune to Jones. On Tuesday, the 12th of January, 1618-19, while Jonson was in Scotland, the old Banqueting House at Whitehall was destroyed by fire, and Jones was ordered to erect a new building, of the same character, on the same site. He was made for such an emergency, as Wren afterwards was for a still greater opportunity. Nor is there, in the history of art, a more remarkable instance of successful rapidity than Jones exhibited on this occasion. In less than six months after the fire which destroyed the whole building, the ground was cleared, Jones ready with his design, and the first stone of the new Banqueting House laid, June 1, 1619, as appears by an entry in the accounts of the Treasurer of the Chamber which is endorsed :

"To Inigo Jones, upon the counsells warr^t, dated 27th June, 1619, for making two several models, the one for the Star Chamber, the other for the Banqueting House. xxxvijⁱⁱ."

A still more curious entry is contained in the roll of the account of the Paymaster of the Works, "Charges in building a Banqueting House at Whitehall, and erecting a new Pier in the Isle of Portland, for conveyance of stone from thence to Whitehall," preserved in the Audit Office among the Declared Accounts. The sum received by the Paymaster was £15,648 3s. The expense of the Pier was £712 19s. 2d., and of the Banqueting House, £14,940 4s. 1d.; the expenditure exceeding the receipts by £5 0s. 3d. The building was finished on the 31st March, 1622; but the account was not settled till the 29th of June, 1633, eleven years after the completion of the building, and eight after the death of King James. Jones's masterpiece is described, in this Account, as "a new building, with a vault under the same, in length 110 feet, and in width 55 feet within; the wall of the foundation being in thickness 14 feet, and in depth 10 feet within ground, brought up with brick; the first story to the height of 16 feet, wrought of Oxfordshire stone, cut into rustique on the outside and brick on the inside; the walls eight feet thick, with a vault turned over on great square pillars of brick, and paved in the bottom with Purbeck stone; the walls and vaulting laid with finishing mortar; the upper story being the Banqueting House, 55 feet in height, to the laying on of the roof; the walls 5 feet thick, and wrought of Northamptonshire stone, cut in rustique, with two orders of columns and pilasters, Ionic and Composite, with their architrave, frieze, and cornice, and other ornaments; also rails and ballasters round about the top of the building, all of Portland stone, with fourteen windows on each side, and one great window at the upper end, and five doors of stone with frontispiece and cartoozes; the inside brought up with brick, finished over with two orders of columns and pilasters, part of stone and part of brick, with their architectural frieze and cornice, with a gallery upon the two sides, and the lower end borne upon great cartoozes of timber carved, with rails and ballasters of timber, and the floor laid with spruce deals; a strong timber roof covered with lead, and under it a ceiling divided into a fret made of great cornices enriched with carving; with painting, glazing, &c." The master-mason, Nicholas Stone, the sculptor of the fine monument to Sir Francis Vere, in Westminster Abbey, received 4s. 10d. the day. The masons' wages were from 12d. to 2s. 6d. the man per diem; the carpenters were paid at the same rate; while the bricklayers received from 14d. to 2s. 2d. the day. The Crown, pinched in its expenditure, and ambitious of great undertakings, was often obliged to force men into its employment, as appears from the Accounts of the Paymaster of the Works, which contain a yearly gratuity "to the Knighte Marshall's man for his extraordinary attendaunce in apprehending of such persons as obstinately refuse to come into his Majesty's Workes." The gratuity was often eight, and occasionally ten pounds. While the works at Whitehall were in progress, a commission

was appointed by the Crown "to plant and reduce to uniformity Lincoln's Inn Fields, as it shall be drawn by way of map or ground plot by Inigo Jones." A careful elevation, in oil-colors, of Jones's plan is still preserved at Wilton House. The view is taken from the south, and the principal feature in the elevation is Lindsey House, on the centre of the west side, which, with its stone façade, stands boldly out from the brick houses which support it on either side. This house was built for Robert Bertie, Earl of Lindsey, General of the King's forces at the outbreak of the Civil War, under Charles I. The proportions of the square are those, it is said, of the base of the Great Pyramid.

(To be continued.)

CONTRIBUTIONS TO A HISTORY OF SHAKESPEARIAN CRITICISM.

FIRST PAPER.

I SHOULD not be unwilling to state, at the outset of this paper, my conviction that a history of Shakespearian criticism would be a history of literary taste in and during the seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. I should be perfectly willing to ask, as a criterion of any given gentleman's literary taste, to what school of Shakespearian letters had he belonged, or did he belong, in the running history of those three centuries. Data there exists by whole libraries full. Plenty of records have been left us, plenty of such vestiges remain, from which to construct a history of the rise, ascendancy and permanence of Shakespearian criticism. We are only waiting for the Gibbon of literature to appear.

When this Gibbon comes up to the work which awaits him he will find its field divided by demarking lines as deeply cut and indelibly sunken into the adamant of Shakespeare as were the bounding finials into the rise, the decline and the fall of the Middle Empire. Shakespeare himself lived well into the first period of his own criticism, and wasted his sweet, buoyant, strong and vitalizing originality upon the latter end of an age whose criticism was a measuring of everything by classical prejudices. The verdict of criticism of the seventeenth century upon Shakespeare was pronounced by that first oracle of the Johnson family—Ben Jonson himself—without the H. And that verdict was to the effect that Shakespeare "wanted art." The second period began with the rehabilitation of literature from the ruins into which the Puritans had pounded it with their canons, and fell under

the domination of French taste—and very naturally, since there was no English taste left with strength enough to assert that its soul was its own. The third period was that of the ascendancy of German criticism, and the fourth, in the midst of which we are to-day, the ascendancy of American criticism, a criticism composite and eclectic to nature, which, springing away from all trammels, from the application of arbitrary principles to a despotic and lawless genius on the one hand, or from the finical and fantastic consideration of isolated passages on the other, has taken his whole life, method, purpose and work into one single consideration.

The greatest of all reasons for the hitherto impermanence of schools of Shakespearian criticism has arisen from a cardinal misapprehension of the office and use of any literary criticism at all!

Critics are not the legislators, but the judges and the police of literature. They do not make laws—they interpret and try to enforce them. Every one admits that there could have been no Aristotle till there had been a Homer; but the admission is not carried far enough; it does not recognize the fact that the appearance of every truly original poet may probably originate new laws—which will need a new Aristotle. For what really are "Rules of Art"? Are rules anything absolute in themselves, and binding upon all generations? Are they not, rather, merely the conclusions which, from time to time, experience appears to have warranted, with respect to the best methods of attaining an artist's aim or a poet's purpose?

Before anything, therefore, can be settled about the rules of an art, the object of that art must be first distinctly ascertained. In the case of Shakespeare, I am not aware of any critic having borne this in mind throughout, with the completeness and correctness to which the dignity of the subject is entitled. Shakespeare was a dramatic poet; but of all the numerous disquisitions on his genius there have been none which, properly speaking, treat his works as dramas. As a poet, as a thinker, and as a delineator of character he has been praised and described with nice discrimination. But as a dramatic poet, as the writer of dramas, it was long before we descended from generalities. It is certain, however, that plays are not to be judged simply as poems. The drama is a branch of art peculiar in itself, aiming at peculiar effects, and achieving its effects by peculiar means. A drama is poetry applied to the purposes of the stage: and many a poem which may be exquisite in the closet would be unendurable on the stage. Architecture is not more the application of symmetry to the purposes of habitation than the drama is the application of poetry to the purposes of the theatre. And as in architecture we cannot regard beauty irrespective of utility, so neither in a drama will mere poetry succeed.

What, then, is the first purpose of a dramatist—the very condi-

tion, *a priori* under which he works? To interest and amuse an audience. Let no one exclaim against this as a prosaic or degrading supposition. Prosaic or not, the fact is undeniable: people do go to the theatre for amusement. Whatever higher aims the dramatic poet may have in view, unless he amuses and sustains attention, he has failed. This is vividly shadowed out in the *Theater Prolog to Faust*, wherein the manager and the poet typify the two elements of a drama: popular amusement and poetic beauty. The means are passion, character, poetry and story, so combined as to rivet the attention of an audience; and while riveting their attention, stirring and exalting the soul by that *παιγματος καθαρσις* which belongs to art. For art is not mere amusement; but something which, through amusement, leads us into higher regions, and calls finer faculties into play. The purpose of the dramatist is this: Appealing to the vulgar instincts of curiosity, appealing to our delight in sensuous impressions, appealing to that sympathy which man feels for man, he seeks, while fixing our attention, at the same time to fill our fancy with images of exquisite beauty, and leave us in the abiding influence of great thoughts and noble aspirations.

To disregard the stage in treating of the art of Shakespeare is as if a man were to point out the mechanism of a watch without any reference to its powers of indicating time. He may call upon us to admire the ingenuity and complexity of its mechanism, its wheel within wheel, and chain upon chain; he may point out the splendor of the diamond on which it turns; but, after all, we ask, does it keep time? Though it should be studded with diamonds, still it is a bad watch if it does not keep time. So with a drama. It may be poetical, it may have nice discrimination of character, it may be bright with gems—but it is a bad play if it fail to amuse an audience. Amusement is the preliminary condition; if that fail all fails. Vainly many critics agree on the merits of a tragedy, on its truth, its originality, its "correctness" according to the rules; if not a heart beats, if not an eye is wet with tears, the audience, in shameless defiance of Aristotle, will be cold—perhaps will yawn. Academies may lay down rules, but they cannot sway audiences; no audience ever wept academic tears.

It is not difficult to write rounded periods about the aim of tragedy being the purification of the passions, and about the stage being a secular pulpit from which great poets have delivered their lessons to mankind. But let us be frank with ourselves. Do we really go to the theatre under the impression that our passions are to be purified, and next Sunday's sermon anticipated? Do we not, on the contrary, go there under the reasonable expectation of being amused—of having our eyes dazzled by splendid scenery, our ears caressed by harmonious verse, our hearts moved by the exhibition of passion? If we are not amused do we not go away disappointed? Moreover, remembering Shakespeare's position—at once the poet and the manager of a com-

pany—let us ask ourselves this other question: What did Shakespeare think of when he sat down to write a play? We will answer, if we answer honestly: "To fill the Globe Theatre;" and, you know, he could only fill it by amusing the public."

To obviate misconception, we may distinguish here between theatrical and dramatic excellence, for we are by no means desirous of reducing Shakespeare to the level of a mere playwright. Amusement, we have said, is primarily sought at the theatre. Now, there being low amusements as well as refined amusements, and the lower faculties being more universally energetic in man than the higher faculties, it is natural that the theatre should be furnished with plays which have no value beyond that derived from acting. A good acting play may be a miserable poem; a fine poem may be a miserable acting play; the art of the dramatist is to unite the acting qualities of the one to the more refined and enduring qualities of the other. We may illustrate this by portrait painting. As in a portrait the first requisite is correct likeness, so in a drama the first requisite is a riveting story. The painting may be a daub, the drama may be trash; but if the one resemble its original, if the other interest an audience, the main object has been achieved. Superadd to the indispensable condition of resemblance the charms of good painting, and you have a fine portrait; endow the play with appropriate poetry, with delicate fancy and deep passion, and you have a fine drama. A Titian, should he fail to render the traits and expressions of his sitter, cannot by the magic of his pencil supply that failure in the eyes of one who wished to possess the image of a person whom he loves; nor could even a Shakespeare, by the prodigality of his fancy, imagination and knowledge, prevent the weariness of an audience, should he throw that wealth away on an undramatic subject. For the purpose indeed, of connoisseurs and students, a work of more elaborate art will have advantages over the correct portrait or the amusing play; and this has led that class of persons into an underestimate of the value both of resemblance in portrait painting, and of theatrical excellence in the drama. But if they fancy that theatrical effect is easily attained, they are mistaken. None of the powers which we most admire may be necessary to produce a good acting play. But, in proportion to the refinement of the subject, the difficulty of combining theatrical excellence with poetic treatment becomes greater—so great, indeed, that success in it is among the rarest of literary triumphs. An ordinary man can model a rude figure out of clay; but to bend the marble to the slightest caprices of the mind, to make its stubborn material plastic to the most airy and delicate conceptions, is the work only of a great artist. To take an example from the dramatic representation of character: However much we may delight in delineations of character for their own sake, it must be remembered that the art of the dramatist is not shown in the mere portrayal

of mental states, but in the adaptation of those mental states to the purposes of the drama. A character may be drawn with skill, and yet not be dramatic. All the traits which do not assist the fuller comprehension of the story are superfluous and inartistic. Suppose jealousy be the passion of the play, as in *Othello*. For simple theatrical purposes the writer may confine himself almost exclusively to this passion, and only exhibit in *Othello* the jealous husband. It is obvious, however, that our sympathies will not be greatly stirred, unless in this jealous husband we recognize other passions and other traits of human nature; and the great problem is so to contrive and combine these additional features, as not only to make the character individual and engaging, but to help forward the action and interest of the piece. An ordinary Moor in a paroxysm of jealousy would be a far less touching sight than that of the high-minded, chivalric, open, affectionate *Othello*. The art of the poet is therefore to delineate these other qualities; and the art of the dramatist is to make them dramatic agents in the development of his story. Accordingly, all that we see and hear of *Othello* are not simply preparations for the exhibition of his jealousy and wrath, but are circumstances skilfully adapted for bringing out the story. We thus learn both how the gentle Desdemona was justified in her love, and how Iago found *Othello* so easy a victim; so that at last we listen not only with patience, but compassion, to the noble speech, in which at the moment of executing his stern sentence on himself, he seeks to show that he was worthy of a better fate. Had Shakespeare introduced traits into this portrait which, though consistent in themselves, yet had no bearing on the general picture, he would have ruined its dramatic interest. People do not go to the theatre to learn Moorish customs or to analyze character, but to see a drama; and a drama is not a mirror of life in all its fulness and in all its details. It is an episode in life, and must so be circumscribed.

In Shakespeare's own day, it is true that the admiration of his contemporaries was long extorted in defiance of their "rules." They felt the greatness of Shakespeare, but they did not understand it. They eulogized his genius, but they wailed over his "irregularity." He was Nature's child, but he outraged Aristotle. While Ben Jonson and his learned contemporaries heartily admired him, they could not help thinking that he "wanted art." What they meant was, that he wanted learning.

The scholar who, on the revival of ancient literature, confounded want of learning with want of art, must at times, one would think, have questioned the reasonableness of their theory, from what was passing before their eyes in the case of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson: dramatists who might appear to have been born to represent and verify the very distinction which they overlooked. Shakespeare drew

delighted audiences; and the grateful actors of the "Globe" lived upon his plays even after his death. Thus he had "art" enough to achieve the first and greatest object—that of interesting his audience with a salient and lively interest, issuing from the human heart, and enduring therefore through all time. Would he have succeeded better in his aim as a dramatist had he read Aristotle and imitated Euripides? The question needs no answer. "Rare Ben Jonson," with all his "ancient art," failed to attract the crowd; and reproached the performers with their idolatry of his more successful rival. Leonard Digges tells us how people flocked to see Shakespeare:

"O how the audience
Were ravished! With what wonder they went thence!
When some new day they would not brook a line
Of tedious though well laboured Catiline.
Sejanus too was irksome: they prized more
Honest Iago or the jealous Moor."

And he also testifies of Jonson's plays—

"Though these have shamed all th' ancients, and might raise
Their author's merit with a crown of bays,
Yet these sometimes, even at a friend's desire
Acted, have scarce defrayed the sea-coal fire
And door-keepers."

Is it not absurd, then, to talk of "art" which, addressing itself to public taste, will not "defray the sea-coal fire"? The art of keeping away the public is not an art of rare and difficult accomplishment. Warburton's assertion that Shakespeare's sublimity and wit supported him in his defiance of the rules, while Ben Jonson was obliged to make up for his inferiority by borrowing all he could from art, is a very suitable foundation for the inference that—"here we see how a want of sufficient natural genius accidentally contributed to the refinement of the English stage."

The error we are combating is, however, a very natural error. In those days, so blind was the reverence felt for the classic writers that art was not understood to be the best means of attaining an end: it was understood to be the closest imitation of ancient models. "I have thought our poetry of the last age," said Rymer, one of the most learned men of his day, "as rude as our architecture. One cause thereof might be that Aristotle's 'Treatise of Poetry' has been so little studied amongst us." He would have been pronounced an ignoramus in that age who should have ventured to dispute the necessity of following ancient models, where anything more was to be attempted than "splitting the ears of the groundlings." With respect to Shakespeare himself, few, indeed, denied that he was equal, if not superior, to the ancients in beauty of imagery, in depth of insight, in the portraiture of passion, in grace, tenderness, airiness, wit and pathos; but

the schools, nevertheless, repeated that he "wanted art"! In case his critics had been asked what art he wanted, they would unanimously have declared it was some art they admired in the classics. But which——? Why, something or other they found in the classics and missed, or thought they missed, in Shakespeare. Superior to the classics in the effect which he produced, he was supposed to be inferior in the means!

But unless these highest dramatic effects can be supposed to be the result of mere chance, they must have been the result of art. That "fluent Shakespeare scarce effaced a line," certainly was not true. To talk of "nature" and "inspiration" is easy enough; but whoever looks closely into these plays, noting their numerous failures and their numberless successes, will see at once that Shakespeare was a very careful, though perhaps not a theoretical artist. Instead of blinding himself over antique books, he closely watched the tempers of mankind; his rules were not drawn from ancient precedents, but from his own keen sense of the mode in which an audience was to be moved. What were the unities, what was the chorus to him, who, as manager, actor and dramatist, felt the living pulse of the public from day to day? How well, how nicely he discriminated the beatings of that pulse his unparalleled successes have proved. Let us add that much of what amused an audience in his days—"conceits which clownage kept in pay"—and long poetical descriptions, will not amuse them now; hence the heaviness of some of his scenes on the modern stage. This change modern critics and dramatists too frequently overlook. They fall into the very error which they applaud Shakespeare for having avoided. They treat him as a classic—as a model to be slavishly imitated; until his genius has ended by consecrating as beauties the very defects which a wiser homage would have admitted to be blemishes—spots on the sun, it is true, but still spots.

In his own day Shakespeare's triumph was complete. Even with his learned contemporaries, he had but one fault, and that was this departure from classic models. But from these models, Beaumont and Fletcher, who approached the nearest in popularity, departed as widely as himself. Then came the influence of French taste, which backed its pretensions not only by classic models, but by the masterpieces of Corneille and Racine. In spite of this taste, Shakespeare continued to hold undisputed sway over the hearts of Englishmen. No system of criticism could obscure the splendor of his genius. It was necessary, therefore, that an attempt of some kind should be made by schoolmen who were employed to teach the classics, and who could teach nothing else, and who did not propose to shut up their schools, to reconcile the contradiction presented by a great poet, acknowledged to surpass the most finished artists in his effects, yet supposed all the time "totally ignorant of art." The reconciliation

was brought about by means of the word "inspiration." In this attempt we read the idolatry of Shakespeare's admirers. Homer, indeed, might occasionally nod; Æschylus be obscure; Euripides prosaic, and Virgil verbose and tautologous; for they were men. But Shakespeare could have made mistakes only because he had not read certain classic authors: a tincture of learning would have infallibly guarded him from every error! If he wrote trash sometimes, false metaphors, disgusting images, and tedious speeches, it was to please the groundlings; that these must have been "foisted in by the players." Thus Pope, in his celebrated Preface, attributes the bombast and triviality to be found in Shakespeare wholly to the necessity of addressing a vulgar audience. And with this judgment Warburton agrees—pre-mising only that Shakespeare "knew perfectly well what belonged to a true composition," and had once tried to reform the public taste (see *Hamlet*); but having failed, became the favorite of the people afterwards by complying with it!

We are afraid, however, that, from an infirmity of the human mind, of which there are numerous examples, Shakespeare very sincerely admired those bombastic passages, and thought them truly grand; and that he probably had the same affection for his buffoonery and conceits as inveterate punsters have for their puns. Faultlessness is one of the privileges of mediocrity. It is with great geniuses, Longinus says, as with great riches—something always must be overlooked. Nor only overlooked: there will be even something in excess. We readily admit, therefore, that Shakespeare himself, were he alive, would be exceedingly amused at our making any difficulty in acknowledging his inequalities, and at our being at so much trouble to account for them and to demonstrate the improbability of his ever having written anything below proof.

The criticism which reigned from Dryden to Coleridge was essentially French in its principles—essentially false in its application. The "correct" school would more properly be called the "timid" school. Its writers piqued themselves on their "sense" and "propriety," and were more solicitous not to offend than to enchant. The level they sought, accordingly, soon became a dead level. With respect to Shakespeare, the most remarkable criticism which that period produced was the Preface of Dr. Johnson. If we compare its dignified tone of generous admiration and honest blame with the feeble and often contemptuous tone of the "Remarks" he affixed to the separate plays, we shall recognize at once the difference between the general effect of Shakespeare's genius and the particular effect of perverted criticism. From Ben Jonson downwards—from Sejanus to Irene—men admired Shakespeare in spite of their critical axioms; yet this admiration never led them to suspect the truth of the axioms!

Voltaire's hostility to Shakespeare was based upon a system of art

which he conceived, and rightly so, was opposed to the system of Shakespeare. Voltaire's position was peculiar. He had been educated in a rigid system; and had grown up in the belief that Racine was the very consummation of dramatic art. Yet, as a writer, he felt the yoke of classic rules press so heavily upon him that he secretly sighed for greater freedom. We cannot read his correspondence without being struck with his uneasiness at the strictness of Parisian taste—a strictness which actually compelled him to abandon many of his favorite conceptions. Much as his taste was shocked by such an instance of unbounded license, that this very license enabled the poet to produce most marvellous effects, nevertheless, was a fact which there was no disguising. In the first ardor of his admiration he expressed himself unguardedly: for which, in after years, he did more than sufficient penance. But to the last, although as a Frenchman he could not help being outraged at the unexampled want of *gôût*, and the reckless disregard no less of *les bienséances* than of *le style noble*—on the other hand, as a man of genius, he could not help having a hearty sympathy with the genius of Shakespeare. The Englishman was a savage, no doubt; but he was an “inspired” savage. In an age when Frenchmen were as much convinced as ever were the Athenians that all foreigners were barbarians, our philosophers and poets must have been a great embarrassment to Voltaire. Praise escapes from him in a mingled transport of admiration and astonishment: admiration at such excellence, and astonishment at finding it among barbarians. It is a great mistake to suppose that the praise was not genuine; it was far more genuine, we are persuaded, than the praise which he afterwards heaped upon Cato. He said indeed that Cato was a model, having “*des vers dignes de Virgile et des sentiments dignes de Caton* ;” but he imitated Shakespeare—and no compliment approaches that of an imitation.

At the time Voltaire introduced the name of Shakespeare into France, the English language was almost as rare an accomplishment in Paris as Chinese is at present. The effect of his “*Lettres sur les Anglais*,” joined to other concurrent influences indicative of the coming “*Anglomanie*,” caused English to be studied—and, as a natural consequence, Shakespeare was translated. And then so great and general was the admiration, that Voltaire trembled for the cause of French tragedy and good taste. His apprehensions could not but be affected in some degree by his interests; for his own great reputation as a dramatic poet was implicated in the fate of the classic drama. He endeavored, therefore, by ridicule and contempt, to stem the torrent. But it was too late. Shakespeare's spell was upon all who had studied him; it was felt that the barbarian was a Titan. Voltaire was furious; alarmed at the movement he himself had originated, he retired into the recesses of ancient prejudices, from which he thun-

dered against "*les barbares*" and "*les welches*." "France," he cried, "is not the only country where tragedies are written; and our taste, or rather our custom, of bringing nothing on the stage but long conversations on love, does not delight other nations. In general, our stage is devoid of action, and deficient in subjects of exalted interest. The presence, too, of our *petits maîtres* crowding on the stage interferes with the action; and exalted subjects are banished because our nation dares not think on them. Politics were attractive in Corneille's time, on account of the Fronde; but nowadays no one goes to see his pieces. Had you but seen the piece of Shakespeare [*Julius Cæsar*] played, as I have seen it, and pretty nearly as I have translated it, our declarations of love and our confidantes would seem miserable in comparison."* This sentence might have been written by the most *échevêlé* of the romanticists. Voltaire, no doubt, is here pleading in favor of his own translation; but lest too much stress should be laid on that circumstance, we will quote two lines from a letter only a few days previous. Shakespeare is "*le Corneille de Londres—grand fou d'ailleurs, et ressemblant plus à Gilles qu'à Corneille; mais il a des morceaux admirables*." Thirty-three years afterwards, writing to Horace Walpole and defending himself from the charge of despising Shakespeare, he observes: "I said, it is true, long ago, that if Shakespeare had lived in the time of Addison, he would have united to his own genius the elegance and purity which render Addison so admirable. I said that his genius was his own; his faults those of his age. In my opinion he is precisely like Lope de Vega and Calderon. His genius is fine but uncultivated; no regularity, no *bienséance*, no art—but mingling vulgarity with grandeur, buffoonery with sublimity; he is the Chaos of tragedy, in which there are a hundred gleams of light."

In 1776, however, a man was found intrepid enough to translate Shakespeare, adroit enough to secure the subscription of royal personages, and—*ô comble d'horreur!*—barbarian enough to proclaim Shakespeare "*le dieu du théâtre!*" This was too much for Voltaire; whose pretensions to be "*le dieu du théâtre*" himself, were considerable. His anger was now unappeasable; and it broke out in invectives of ludicrous vehemence. Le Tourneur, the translator, was "*un misérable*," an "*impudent imbécile*," and even "*un faquin*." The following outburst is amusing. "Have you read two volumes by that creature [Le Tourneur] in which he wishes to make us accept Shakespeare as the sole model of true tragedy? He calls him the god of the stage! He sacrifices all the French without exception to his idol, as in days of yore they sacrificed pigs to Ceres. . . . Do you not feel an intense hate towards this impudent idiot? Will you sit down to such an affront to France? . . . The horrible part of it is that the monster has follow-

* Letter to the Abbé Desfontaines, November, 1735.

ers in France; and—as the crown of this calamity and horror—I it was who first mentioned Shakespeare; I it was who showed France the pearls I had found on this enormous dung-heap! Little did I think that I should one day help to trample on the crowns of Racine and Corneille, and to ornament with them the brows of a barbaric player." A fortnight afterwards he resumes his wrath: "The abomination of desecration is in the Temple of the Lord. Lekain, who is as angry as you are, tells me that almost all the young men of Paris are for Le Tourneur. I have seen the end of the reign of reason and good taste. I shall die leaving France barbarian." To Laharpe he wrote about the same time: "I know very well that Corneille has great faults; I have said so but too often; but they are the faults of a great man; and Rymer might well say that Shakespeare was nothing but a miserable ape." "The Gilles and Pierrots of the St. Germain Fair, fifty years ago, were Cinna and Polyeucte in comparison with the persons of that drunkard Shakespeare, whom Le Tourneur calls the god of the stage! . . . It is impossible that any man not absolutely mad could in cool judgment prefer such a Gilles as Shakespeare to Corneille and Racine. Such an infamous opinion could only spring from sordid avarice running after the guineas!!"

The indignation thus exhaled was far from being exhausted in these private channels. Voltaire next addressed a remonstrance to the French Academy, in terms so violent that it was thought necessary to qualify the language before it could be read to the members. The delusion of the public was alleged to consist in an Anglomania, which, not content with placing "*du rost bif*" on French tables, dared to prefer Shakespeare to Corneille. Voltaire makes a poor appearance as a critic on this occasion. Instead of grasping the real subject, he merely notices some indecent and trivial expressions, and certain anachronisms, which were doubtless enormities in the eyes of the Forty. He opposes Boileau's dictum to Shakespeare's neglect of the unities. He compares the opening of *Bajazet* with the opening of *Romeo and Juliet*: two scenes which admirably illustrate the respective art of the two kinds of drama, but which Voltaire, overlooking the possibility of there being more than one kind of drama, satisfies himself with contrasting, and bids the Academy decide. "A Scotch judge," he adds, "who has published 'Elements of Criticism,' in three volumes, in which there are some delicate and judicious reflections, has nevertheless been unfortunate enough to compare the first scene of that monstrosity, *Hamlet* with the first scene of that *chef-d'œuvre Iphigénie*. He affirms that the beautiful verses of Arcas are not worth the reply of the sentinel, 'Not a mouse stirring.' Yes, a soldier may indeed reply thus in the guard-room; but not on the stage, before the highest persons in the kingdom, who express themselves nobly, and before whom we must express ourselves in the same style." This is a very

significant sentence: and we beg the reader to bear it in mind. Voltaire sums up as follows: "Let the Academy then decide whether the nation which has produced *Iphigenie* and *Athalie* ought to abandon them for men strangling women on the stage, for porters, for witches, buffoons, and drunken priests; whether our court, so long renowned for its *politesse* and taste, ought to be converted into an ale-house; and whether the palace of a virtuous sovereign ought to be a place for prostitution." The pamphlet which he published under the pseudonym of "Jerome Carré" is a lively examination of *Hamlet* and of the *Orphan du tendre Otwai*; but it is only a variation of the eternal theme about Shakespeare's vulgarity and want of art.

But the question at issue was illy argued on both the French and the English side; and the *πρωτον ψευδος* of the argument was a total forgetfulness of the differences of national taste, disposition, manners and education. The French did not speak more absurdly of the English drama than the English of that of France. Both set up an arbitrary standard. Thus, Voltaire, after giving a sarcastic account of *Hamlet*, says: "We cannot have a more forcible example of the difference of taste among nations. How shall we speak after this of the rules of Aristotle, and the three unities, and the *bienstances*, and the necessity of never leaving the scene empty, and that no person should go out or come in without a sensible reason! How talk after this of the artful arrangement of the plot, and its natural development; of the expressions being simple and noble; of making princes speak with the decency which they always have, or ought to have; of never violating the rules of language! It is clear that a nation may be enchanted without giving one's self such trouble." This is, of course, irony. But if we take it seriously, much confusion will disappear: for we will venture, very seriously, to ask: If a civilized and intelligent nation can be enchanted from age to age, in spite of the absence of certain conditions supposed to be necessary, does that not show the fallacy of supposing them to be necessary? Does it not prove these conditions to be accidental, not essential: to depend upon the tastes and manners of the nation, not upon the principles of dramatic art? All that Voltaire's objections amount to is this: in England people are interested at the theatre by dramatic effects; in France the people can only be delighted by effects more purely literary. Good: but if the public be equally interested, the object of the dramatist is equally attained; and thus both French and English tragedy are, and ought to be, respectively admired.

Not to inquire too curiously to-day into the causes of the distinction, we may take it as a fact that the French are more sedulous in their attention to the elegancies and graces of life, and the English are more practical and earnest: the French have a more lively fancy, the English a richer imagination. If they excel in filigree, where we excel in ma-

chinery, the reason must lie either in a radical difference of mental organization, or in Pascal's alternative—that, as habit is a second nature, nature may be only a first habit. Without drawing odious comparisons concerning different kinds of merit, we must admit that the French have at all times exhibited more culture and more regard for literature, as literature, than ourselves: and in the drama this has been remarkably the case. Something, no doubt, is owing to the way in which the drama originated in each country. In England it grew out of a popular amusement, and has always addressed itself to the nation at large. In France it owed its existence to the court; and has never ventured to suppose itself addressing any but highly cultivated audiences. If the theatre is now the property of all Frenchmen, not so is the tragic drama. What the classic performances by the templars in old days to scholarly audiences were to the popular performances of *Ralph Royster Dayster* and *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, which were open to all comers, such is the tragedy of Racine and Corneille, at the present day, to the *dramas* of the Théâtre Français and the Odeon. The attempt to introduce Greek plays into England failed; for England, as Philarète Chasles (most piquant and erudite of French Shakespearian critics) said, "*A fait de son théâtre un amusement populaire, et une représentation confuse, profonde, et forte, des actions de la vie humaine.*" In France, however, the scholarly attempt succeeded. Jodelle's *Cléopâtre captive*, performed in the presence of Henry II., so captivated that monarch that he gave five hundred crowns to the author. Paris followed the King's taste; and the "Mysteries" were replaced by imitations of the antique drama. "*C'est de cette source obscure et faible que remonte la tendance classique de notre théâtre.*"

A lettered audience of course demanded literary excellences which no popular audience would have cared for. And literature has ever been somewhat pedantic, or at least sensitive to the censure of pedants. Every spectator at a drama of Corneille or Racine was a critic, and had the "rules" by heart. Those who wonder how it is that the lively, volatile French patiently endured the tedium of the long tirades and longer dialogues in their classic plays, forget that they are, as Théophile Gautier happily expressed it, "*la nation la plus sensée dans ses plaisirs, et la plus folle dans ses affaires.*" The importance they have attached to "rules" has in all ages been excessive. We may smile when we read Corneille's declaration that the rules of Aristotle are for all times and for all people; "*et certes je serais le premier que condamnerais le Cid s'il péchait contre ces grandes et veraines maximes que nous tenons de ce philosophe.*" and yet, in spite of our license, what English dramatist would dare to produce a tragedy in four acts, or a tragedy in rhyme?

Classical and imitative in its origin, the French drama in the end became national. Shakespeare is not more the darling and the

despair of English poets, than Corneille and Racine are of the French. Meanwhile, no two nations differ more widely in their artistic taste than the French and English; and this has made the criticism of each one-sided. French art is more conventional than English; for art is necessarily conventional in its forms: and a great part of poetry is a departure from the language of real life. All primitive poetry, including Homer, is rude and careless in its expression; it has a large admixture of the prosaic, and much of the language is only separated by rhythm from the language of ordinary life. So also in primitive music we find a preponderance of those ordinary intervals which characterize speech, and which are unmelodic. As nations advance in culture, poetry becomes more and more artistic, less and less simple and spontaneous, until at last refinement is carried to an excess which causes a reaction in favor of simplicity. Few person will now prefer the *Æneid* to the *Iliad*; yet no one conversant with the two can deny that the former is in one sense more a work of art than the latter. In the use of language Homer is often rude and prosaic; Virgil always delicately vigilant, though not always impressive. That he has employed more "art" to produce his effects than Homer found necessary, is as obvious as that a trim garden was fashioned by a different hand from that which created a wild and picturesque ravine. We do not say the garden is more enchanting—far from it; but it has the charm which labor, felicitously employed, always produces on the worker, man.

All poetry then being a departure from nature—otherwise it would be nature and not art—the very delicate question arises: How far is the departure allowable? The whole difference between the French and English schools lies in their different estimate of the degree. Our poetry is to theirs what our gardens are to theirs; a closer imitation of nature, with a greater disregard for mere technical excellences. In an English garden you have a sense of artistic arrangement; but man's share in the production of this effect is not intrusively forced on your attention. In a French garden you never for a moment lose the consciousness of man's labor and man's art.

The most extravagant criticism has proceeded from the want of something like a fixed principle in the great problem of imitation. Dr. Johnson has been applauded for his answer to Voltaire, who expressed his wonder that Shakespeare's extravagances should be endured by a nation which had seen Cato: "Let him be answered that Addison speaks the language of poets, and Shakespeare of men." But this epigram has really neither sense nor truth in it. Shakespeare did not speak the language of men, but of poets, and the greatest of poets; it was because his language, as poetry, was so superior to that of Addison that the effect it produced was so much greater. The secret of Shakespeare's success is, that his representations of nature are more

vivid and lifelike than those of Addison; and from what does this vividness arise, but from the intensity of poetic power and the brightness of the medium through which it passes? That medium is style. Had Shakespeare spoken the language only of men, as distinguished from that of poets, he would never have delighted thousands upon thousands of all ranks and characters.

Critics have been apt to talk about nature and the natural, as if the object of art were to produce an illusion; as if correct imitation of nature were the first condition of a work of art. This is a most mischievous mistake. In such poets as Dante, Milton and Spenser, the absence of any illusion, and of any specific imitation of nature, in no way lessens their claims as artists; while the presence of direct imitation in painted statues or wax-work figures has always injured their pretensions to be considered works of art. The Furies of *Æschylus* were not by any means so real as the tank of real water or the real ship or fire-engine and horses of the New York theatres, foreshadowed sixty years before by Mr. Vincent Crummle's real pump and wash-tub. But which was the most admirable? The most exquisite works of art necessarily depart from the truth, to produce their highest effects. All that our artistic faith demands is that there be no incongruous mixture of reality with fiction; and that our judgment be not shocked by a contradiction with the object which we have in view. No one's sense of reality is shocked by observing that a marble statue has not the hues, the action and the warmth of a human being. It does not profess to be an imitation; it professes to be a representation, in hard, cold and colorless marble, of a human form. Paint it—and on the one hand you quit the professed sphere of art, that is, representation—to intrude on that of reality, that is, imitation; while on the other hand the imperfection of the means will always prevent your attempt from being successful: for your imitation must still be an imperfect one. Men no doubt delight in representation and they also delight in imitation; but the artist should be careful never to confound these distinct provinces. If he proposes merely to imitate nature, he must content himself, for the most part, with addressing the lowest faculties in man. He may paint a peach trailed over by a bunch of grapes; his object here is imitation—and, if successful, he will excite some vulgar wonder. But in this case he must not hope to leave an abiding impression of beauty in the soul of any human being: our artistic nature will remain untouched. It is the same, if the subject of imitation belongs to a higher class. Now in the drama we propose to represent, not to imitate, life—and to represent it in its poetical aspects. And we soon discover how many of the realities, which in actual life would be most affecting, are so far from being poetical that they will not bear transferring to any stage of more pretension than a booth.

If this distinction between representation and imitation be cor-

rect; if a work of art be amenable to the strict truth of nature only in so far as it professes to be an imitation—it is a distinction which will serve us as a guide through the obscurities of many questions. The French classic drama does not affect likeness or imitation. It represents, to be sure, the emotions and the passions of men; but it is neither solicitous to produce an illusion, nor to imitate the actions and language of ordinary life. Critics have made merry with its unnatural use of confidants, and long declamations; they have also been unsparing in their condemnation of rhyme; rhyme also is so unnatural! To be consistent, this style of objection should be pushed further: it ought to condemn the absurdity of operas and ballets in which lovers express love, vengeance and despair in cavatinas and scenas; for no man in the outer world ever warbled vengeance, or hurled defiance in an *entrechat*. Under some such feeling, Madame de Staël laughs at the idea of Curtius performing a *pas seul* before leaping into the gulf. The actual spectators, we submit, are more reasonable, as well as more accommodating. No spectator at a French play ever exclaimed, "How absurd to talk in rhyme; men don't talk so!" Neither did any spectator at an English play ever object to blank verse, soliloquies and asides. They know that they are witnessing a representation, not a reality. It is probable, indeed, that in the English drama rhyme would be objectionable; not because "unnatural," but because more artificial than the general style which our drama observes. For we depart from nature less widely; and our representation, though in some respects much more poetical, retains in others much more of the semblance of imitation. With us rhyme never appears to have succeeded on the stage, except in short passages. While in the French drama, where no imitation is professed, rhyme is only a beauty the more.

This discussion may serve to explain how the French, adopting a peculiar form of art, should regard as faulty every deviation from that specific form. In their system of representation, all imitation was subordinate to the charms of stately diction and harmonious versification. Dignity was a substitute for fidelity. The allusion to a mouse in *Hamlet* was more like nature than the description in *Iphigénie*; but it was less beautiful, less noble, less like art. English critics retaliate the scorn, and ridicule the pomposity of the French drama, which they complacently contrast with the nature of their own. But all such comparisons are misplaced. The French drama is as different from the English, as the "Orlando Furioso" is from the "Excursion." Who thinks of judging these poems according to one standard? Both French and English dramatists knew very well the style of art which would suit their audiences. The French delight in a well-planned story, unfolded directly and in a logical manner; in sustained pomp of language; in philosophical maxims and in sharp antitheses. The English delight in action, passion and imagery; they trouble themselves very little about

dignity or *bienséance*. A Frenchman's first remark on a new play is respecting its *beaux vers*; an Englishman is struck by its characters and its situations. The danger which most besets a French dramatist is lengthy dialogue and description; that of an English dramatist is the tendency to melodramatic exaggeration. But see how impossible it is to render Shakespeare into French without reversing the above.

Here is a line in Macbeth:

"Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses."

How will the Frenchman take that matter-of-fact statement? Why, he will say—what else can he say than simply: "*Je reve !* I dream!" Or, again, "Angels trumpet-tongued." How will he translate that? Shall he say "*Langues de trompettes*," with Monsieur Mallarmé, or "*A la voix d'airain*," with Monsieur La Croix? We have all heard about "*Bon jour, Monsieur Macbeth*," which is perfect French for "All hail, Macbeth." But what shall the Frenchman do with "Unmannerly breeched with gore"? A man who is *breeched* is a man who has a pair of breeches on him. To say what *breeched with gore* means, exactly, would be rather too coarse for ears polite. Certainly Shakespeare is quite correct in using the word *unmannerly* in this connection. The Frenchman simply stands aghast at this usage of speech, and says that the attendants were "rather bloody."

GEORGE HALLAM.

(To be continued.)

THE OLD AND THE LATER KING JOHN.

I.

IN the Introduction to the BANKSIDE EDITION of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, we discussed an example of one of the Shakespearean plays which its author allowed to grow by accretions supplied by the actors who presented it on the stage—by what we to-day call “localisms,” “gags” and the like: in the Introduction to the *Titus Andronicus*, of the same edition, an example of Shakespeare’s very earliest essay at play-writing, wherein, as new-comers in dramatic matters always have done, and probably always will do, he follows, or tries to follow, the models of plays just then popular, and leaves the seams and patches of his work uncovered and awkward: but yet wherein his own genius could not be restrained from now and then revealing itself and proclaiming the god; and wherein, except that the hand that will one day be that of a Shakespeare unconsciously prophesies itself in the midst of its cramping to other lines—to imitate Marlowe or Kyd, or somebody else.

In each of these two plays we found evidence of a great popularity and of a long stage life. In another, the *Troilus and Cressida*, however, we found the same dramatist learning the constant lesson—constant even then—that the mere popularity of a stagewright will not force to a profit or to a run an unpopular or an unplayable play. Than *Troilus and Cressida* Shakespeare never wrote a more masterly or more eloquent piece. But, overloaded with dialogue, a surfeit of this very eloquence, it possessed no action, no movement, no dramatic incident, and so it was very quickly withdrawn, and printed as a sort of *pis aller* with a preface, which should at once guarantee its authorship: prophesy that although it had never been staled with the stage (a dry innuendo, seeing that the stage had refused to be “staled” with it) and take its author’s appeal from a play-going to a book-reading patronage. The testerns of the first class being refused, perhaps the testerns of the second might make good the deficit.

In *Love’s Labor’s Lost*, we find Shakespeare rewriting (or “newly augmenting”) a good-enough play of his early fancy (and, thanks to the happy blunder of a printer, have actually a length of lines in their original and rewritten state printed consecutively). But in *King John* we discover our playwright, William Shakespeare, in performance of another and an equally necessary function of his craft, viz.: the complete rewriting of a play which was once a stage favorite, but which in the course of time and movement of the public taste required a complete and organic rehabilitation and reformation.

II.

The English plays, which, dating from *circa* 1600, have been, at sundry times or periods, attributed to Shakespeare, are, I believe, the following, viz.:

The Troublesome Raine of John, King of England.
 The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth.
 The Contention between the Famous Houses of York and Lancaster.
 The True Tragedy of Richard, Duke of York.
 The Arraignment of Paris.
 The Merry Devil of Edmonton.
 The London Prodigal.
 The Puritan, or the Widow of Watling Street.
 The History of King Stephen.
 The Life and Death of the Lord Cromwell.
 The Two Noble Kinsmen.
 The Birth of Merlin.
 The History of Cardenio.
 The Double Falsehood.
 The Second Maiden's Tragedy.
 A Warning for Fair Women.
 Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham.
 Fair Em, the Miller's Daughter.
 Duke Humphrey.
 Locrine.
 Arden of Feversham.
 Mucedorus.
 King Edward the Third.
 A Yorkshire Tragedy.
 Eurialus and Lucretia.
 George à Greene.
 Iphis and Ianthè.
 Henry the First and Henry the Second.
 Lorrino.
 Oldrastes.

The very utmost that can be said in favor of the above-listed plays is that a very few of them—two or three or four, according to the judgment or fancy of different readers—contain single passages or scenes which remind, or smack of Shakespeare. Some of them have been selected as Shakespearian by the German critics, who, as Grant White used to say, "dive deeper, stay down longer and come up muddier than any other critics in the world." Some others were deliberately, and, to what we may say is our certain knowledge, called Shakespeare's by the publisher in particular who last wished to sell them, under false colors (and it is extremely probable that this is the explanation of the fact that the larger portion of them ever passed, even for a day, as Shakespeare's; for there were plenty of other plays, contemporary with these and of equal or of greater calibre, which were never for an instant, so assigned): of one or two others there is some small cir-

cumstantial evidence to warrant a conjecture as to Shakespearian collaboration with another dramatist whose name is also attached to the particular play. And, finally, the above list is inclusive of four plays which Shakespeare himself actually selected as being worthy enough, or popular enough, to be rewritten by his own hand, and, in their rewritten state, to be admitted to the canon of his acknowledged works. These classes I propose in this paper to examine separately. But the fact that a piece of literary work was ever, at any time and for any reason, assigned to the great dramatist, appears to me to make that piece interesting, at least as indicating the passing opinion, states of criticism, or estimation of different ages or dates: not to suggest dozens of other circumstances of more or less importance, and so as worthy of examination from a circumstantial, even if worthless from a critical point of view. I do not advise anybody to undertake the reading of the thirty above-entitled plays. The reader would find any one of them pretty hard reading: they are, for the most part, wooden, monotonous and lifeless, and to the most casual perusal, very clearly disintituled to admission into the canon. In short, one may safely say, that, as "Shakespearian," (?) they are not "doubtful" in the least. No average consensus of criticism would ever be found among the most casual readers to assign them to Shakespeare. Indeed no "casual" reader has ever so assigned them; it is only by that minute microscopic study which climbs over itself that a suggestion of such an authorship or connection has ever been breathed: a case where one may truly say that the "casual reader" comes in to correct and revise the critical student with the greatest advantage to the critical student, so apt is the nature to become, like the dyer's hand, subdued to what it works in, and so terribly prone is our poor human nature to discover that which it hunts for. For in no field of research is what may be called the "generous specialist" so rare a bird as in the field of Shakespearian study, diagnosis and hermeneutics.

In any consideration of the subject before us, the first four plays mentioned in the above list must command the largest attention: since they were remodelled and rewritten by Shakespeare himself, and re-entitled by him, respectively, *The Life and Death of King John*, *The Life of Henry the Fifth* (and I am inclined to think that the suggestion for all the inimitable Falstaff parts of the I. and II. *Henry IV.* also came from this old play), *The Second Part of Henry the Sixth, with the Death of the Good Duke Humphrey*, and *The Third Part of Henry the Sixth, with the Death of the Duke of Yorke*. The last two mentioned revisions were done with some haste and with much less than the care which Shakespeare was wont to bestow upon his work; so hastily and so carelessly, in fact, as to have given rise to innumerable theories, conjectures and surmises—a whole library, in

short, of conjectural literature as to the Shakespeare authorship of the three parts of *Henry the Sixth*. It is beyond the scope of this paper to enter into this controversy. But I will remark in passing, that, carelessly as Shakespeare performed his revision of these two plays, an attentive reader will constantly perceive the hand of the reviser, if in nothing else, in modernizing the diction and allusion of the text whenever, from lapse of time and improvement of conditions, such modernizing was proper or called for.

To two of these "Doubtful Plays," certainly, *The Famous Victories* and *The Troublesome Raine*, Shakespeare's attention was not only drawn but concentrated. Both were printed in the old blackletter type, then fast being discarded, employing, however, italic types for proper names and roman types for the stage directions, as if in this order these two were most important—more important than the text itself—for the actor to memorize. In both of these pieces Shakespeare found not only a very considerable dramatic arrangement, but so much dramatic power that he deliberately set to work and made one the foundation (as Mr. Fleming * thinks, and as I agree with him) of the three Henry plays, the I. and II. *Henry IV.* and the *Henry V.* perhaps first suggesting to him that the historic, already so popular, might be combined with the comedy, and so make the teaching of history by stage plays even a greater success than it had already been, by means of increasing its already considerable popularity, and the other of his great and sombre tragedy of *King John*. Probably most of the "Histories" of that day were merely enlarged forms of the Interlude, whose development I have elsewhere traced† from the improvised antics of the disbanded miracle-play actors up to a considerable settlement of form and dialogue. I imagine that the Interlude of Priam and Hecuba, of which specimens are given by the Player King in *Hamlet*, or the one called *The Murder of Gonzago*, to which Hamlet himself added a dozen or fifteen lines, represents a stage in this development. And I think that Shakespeare himself, in studying this development, saw that it was at this or at about this stage that these Interludes furnished a capital opportunity for burlesque, and so gave us those two burlesques so unapproachable, one for its delineation of pure stupidity and the other of stupidity and assurance—the Interlude of the Nine Worthies in *Love's Labor's Lost*, and the Interlude of Pyramus and Thisbe in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Both of the above-quoted plays—*The Famous Victories* and *The Troublesome Raine*—are examples of perhaps the mid-development of the Interlude from its first stage of mere horse-play to its following stages of written dialogue with a purpose, and so finally up to the comparatively

* See his Introduction to I. *Henry IV.*, Vol. XII., Bankside Edition.

† Int. to Vol. VII., Bankside Shakespeare (the *Titus Andronicus*).

ambitious *Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth*—which, however, the reader sees is merely a succession of short scenes in which certain persons figure, without much regard to what the same or other persons have done or will do in the prior or succeeding scenes of the same succession. But *The Troublesome Raine of John, King of England*, is, I think, the next and last stage of the Interlude, just where it ceases to be an interlude and becomes a stage play. It would be a very interesting pursuit, I think, if one should study our early and middle English dramatic literature, to try and find when and in what piece it first dawned upon the writer that to be dramatic one must delineate character as well as action, and that each speaker in the dialogue must develop his own character by his speech and not by his own or another's statement in the course of the play. (Observe Shakespeare himself learning this lesson. Observe how Aaron the Moor, in *Titus Andronicus*, tells us what his own character is, how he loves bloodshed and is not happy without at least his one crime a day, and then see how, later on, Iago (whom I believe to have been the perfected work for which Aaron was the thumb-nail sketch), far from telling us in so many words that he is a villain, cannot open his lips without assuring us of the fact.) And accordingly, I think, I perceive in this old play of *King John* that the old writer, in following the chronicle of Holinshed and Hall so exactly, made up his mind that King John's speeches should bear out the character which the old chronicles gave him, viz.:

"He was comelie of stature, but of looke and countenance displeasent and angrie, somewhat cruell of nature, as by the writers of his time he is noted, and not so hardie as doubtfull in time of perill and danger. But this seemeth to be an enuious report vttered by those that were giuen to speake no good of him whome they inwardlie hated."*

"Moreouer, the pride and pretended authoritie of the cleargie he could not well abide, when they went about to wrest out of his hands the prerogatiue of his princelie rule and gouernment. True it is that to mainteine his warres which he was forced to take in hand, as well in France as elsewhere, he was constrained to make all the shift he could deuise to recouer monie; and bicause he pinched their purses, they conceiued no small hatred against him, which when he perceiued, and wanted peradventure discretion to passe it ouer, he discovered now and then in his rage his immoderate displeasure, as one not able to bridle his affections, a thing verie hard in a stout stomach, and thereby missed now and then to compasse that which otherwise he might verie well haue brought to passe."

The episodes of the old play, too, show considerable power of dramatic arrangement. This dramatic arrangement Shakespeare adopted. But its dialogue was not so satisfactory, and so he rewrote

* Holinshed III., 196 : 2 I. 4.

† Ibid., III. 196/1, col. 67.

it from beginning to end. And so, in the parallelization of this old play with the *King John* of the First Folio, we can distinctly see Shakespeare discharging the branch of the stagewright's vocation which consists of making old stage favorites over into new ones.

And when Shakespeare undertook to rewrite *The Troublesome Raine* over into *King John*, and *The Famous Victories* over into *Henry the Fifth*, he did work that simply challenges our enthusiasm, not only for the dazzling splendor of his genius, but for the laborious nicety of his technical touch and his prophetic as well as contemporary knowledge of stage and practical acting requirements, from his own day down to our own, when these two plays are mounted, just as Shakespeare wrote them, with all the lavish magnificence of our modern stage facilities. The first play, as it stood, was mere drivel; a lot of dialogue, without form, beginning, middle nor end: a sequence of actions and situations, with no coherence or interdependence, with nothing to attract or retain the interest or even the attention of an audience. But when he left it, he had seized upon every situation, and made it over into the most concentrated dramatic action: upon every suggestion of a personage, and created a character as immortal as his own: upon every hint of emotion, and evolved an intensity of pathos that will never cease to compel tears as long as English literature endures in the memory or mention of mankind.

I have space here to notice only *The Troublesome Raine* and its transmutation into the *King John*. The old play opens with some fifty or sixty lines of rambling dialogue, from which the reader may draw that the King of France desires some sort of conference or "dicker" with King John, relative to the old claims of France to the English crown, and of England to the French crown (which were continually being bandied about—back and forth—in the old Plantagenet days, and concerning which the Historical plays have always so much to say. Shakespeare drew his pen through all this dialogue and opened the play with the single sentence:

"Now say, Chantillon, what would France with us?"

a splendid and imperious utterance, which at once opens the situation, and tells us that France desires an interview not only, but that England does not, and is disposed not only to refuse it, but, if reluctantly granted, to maintain a stern opposition to whatever France may intend to offer or to urge. All this is fairly implied and conveyed to the audience in eight short words of that dramatic diction which the consummate artist playwright uses to not only carry his action along, but to state his situation and infer to the spectator the motive which he finds adverse to him and proposes to thwart, as well as his own probable course, whether straightforward or adroit, in thwarting it. Here (and I, for my part, cannot imagine a more capital specimen) is an exemplification of the Art Dramatic: the art of telling a story to

ear, eye and intelligence at once, an art which, the more I study Shakespeare, seems to me to have been created by him, independently of its evolution from classic or anterior models.*

But something else is wanting besides narrative and action to a perfect drama. There must be a central character for hero: that is to say, a strong individuality for the sympathy of the audience to cling to, one whose fortunes each individual of the audience will follow, and in whose success, moral or material, each spectator is himself to feel rewarded. There was no such personage in *The Troublesome Raine*. There was, however, a character, Faulconbridge, who, after a rambling sort of fashion, met and surmounted obstacles, and this personage Shakespeare immediately seized upon, and around him he grouped the entire action of the play, making the success of this motive—this character's personal success—and the triumph of the purpose of the play his personal triumph: which for stage availability must always be the successful end and aim of every true dramatic hero. But there is more yet. The perfect piece of dramatic work, written not for the closet, but for the stage and the spectator, must not only avoid obscurity, and allot certain situations to words, certain other to action and certain other to stage scenery or stage effect, and unite all these upon every movement, but it must so unify all these that no situation shall be introduced except as the result of a preceding and the exciting cause of a future situation. No matter how pathetic, comic or eloquent a scene, if it do not belong in the dramatic progress, it will weary the spectator and kill the piece. Now, *The Troublesome Raine* gives several scenes in which Prince Arthur—not a frail child to work upon our sympathies, as Shakespeare saw the opportunity of making him, but a rather colorless young man, with very little to say for himself—figures. In one of them Hubert is sent to put out his eyes in prison. In the old play Arthur objects upon what we would say were rather intellectual grounds for a young man about to be tortured. Upon being apprised of his errand he says to Hubert:

Advise thee, Hubert, for the case is hard—
To lose salvation for a king's reward.

Hubert. My lord, a subject dwelling in the land
Is tied to execute the king's command.

Arthur. Yet God commands, whose power reacheth further,
That no command should stand in force to murder.

Hubert. But that same Essence hath ordained a law,
A death for guilt, to keep the world in awe.

* Sheridan in the *Critic* burlesques this undoubted necessity of dramatic dialogue by making Mr. Puff say, "I open with a clock striking to beget an awful attention in the audience—it also marks the time, which is four o'clock in the morning, and saves a description of the rising sun, and a great deal about ilding the eastern hemisphere."

This may be exemplary, but it is not dramatic. We all know what Shakespeare made of it: a piteous pleading and a relenting, which nowhere in literature or poetry can be touched for pathos or read without tears. And I may add that Hubert himself, from a mere figure in the old play, is rewritten into a human being and a rugged, honest and rather praiseworthy person.

Again, in the old play Queen Constance holds a sort of short didactic dialogue with herself as to whether, upon classical precedent, she would be justified in shedding a few tears for the loss of her child!

My tongue is tuned to story forth mishap:
When did I breathe to tell a pleasing tale?
Must Constance speak? Let tears prevent her talk.
Must I discourse? Let Dido sigh, and say
She weeps again to hear the wrack of Troy:
Two words will serve, and then my tale is done—
Elinor's proud brat hath robbed me of my son!

Those seven stilted and impossible lines Shakespeare rewrote into that expression of poignant grief whose eloquence has no match in literature, and which has made Constance's grief for her child a synonym for the acme of maternal bereavement, and will always keep it so! And, in closing the parallelization, what shall we say of the genius, not only for stage art, but for that summit of the sublime which could mould over such commonplaces as

Let England live but true within itself,
And all the world can never wrong her state;

and

If England's peers and people join in one,
Not Pope, nor France, nor Spain can do them wrong!

into the glorious

This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.

In the rewriting Shakespeare makes the ten acts of the old play over into five—the regulation number in which all his other plays are cast. And with a peremptoriness that has no toleration of fanaticism or of libel in it, though I myself think that it was more on account of his reverence for the religion of his fathers (and, as I also think, his own)—the Catholic faith—he cut out of the play every scandalous or slurring allusion to that religion or libel upon its ministers, whether by incident or in the speeches by King John himself. But, although curtailment and cutting very liberally, it is curious to see that Shakespeare

is perfectly willing to take the sequence of the play as cut. He only really adds on his own account one new scene: that between Falconridge and Hubert at the end of what is Act IV. of the new play.

Among the minor points where Shakespeare next saw room for improvement, he reduces a tedious old prophet in the earlier play, Peter of Pomfret, who makes, in all, three long speeches, content himself with just one line before he takes himself and his five moons off the stage forever, and he cuts away the long *aside* soliloquies of Falconridge as against all stage form—and there is no canon so inexorable to-day in stage art. One more example of this prophetic knowledge, as we might say: that is a case where Shakespeare does exactly what a stagewright or stage manager of to-day would do, were that old play brought to him for mounting. Turn to the scene where there is a confusion and a hand-to-hand struggle on the battlefield—Queen Elinor is captured by a party of the enemy—then Faulconridge recaptures her. The point, all that is necessary to the course of the story, is that Elinor has been captured and recaptured. This being all that Shakespeare wants, he simply brings in a person who makes that statement. Thus a long episode of purposeless action, which would only delay, is cut off quite as peremptorily as Mr. Puff cut out pages of dialogue with his striking clock.

In short, the rewriting of this old play by Shakespeare is so complete that this alone would dispose of any lingering doubt as to his hand in the original. Of the entire play, a parallelization shows but two identities, and these, perhaps, accidental:

Q. Ireland, Poitiers, Aniou, Torain, Main.

F. (England) Ireland, Poitiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine.

and

Q. Volquesson, Torain, Main, Poitiers and Aniou, these five provinces.

F. Volquesson, Touraine, Maine, Poitiers and Anjou, these five provinces.

And it is hard to suppose that Shakespeare would have entirely rewritten his own work. Indeed he touched up, but never rewrote, his own, as is seen by the curious instance in the *Love's Labor's Lost*.

It only remains to add (what I should have premised) that the old play is in reality two old plays, being, as was not uncommonly the case, in two parts. The first title-page ran:

The | Troublesome Raigne | of *Iohn King of England*, with the
dif | *couverie* of *King Richard Cordelions* | Bafe Sonne (vulgarly named,
the Ba- | Stard Fawconbridge): also the | death of *King Iohn* at
Swinftead | Abbey | *As it was (fundry times) publekely acted by the* |
Queenes Maiesties Players, in the ho- | norable Cittie of London. | Im-
printed at London for Sampfon Clarke | and are to be solde at his
shop, on the backe- | fide of the Royall Exchange | 1591.

Nobody knows its writer; no stationer's entry announced it. There are in it many noble lines which Shakspeare himself might not have been ashamed of. But some of the lines, such as:

Oh, I am undone! Fair Alice the nun
Hath took up her rest in the Abbott's chest.
Sancte benedicite, pardon my simplicitie.
Fie Alice! confession will not salve this transgression,

baffle all conjecture. They are not in the vein of any known Elizabethan dramatist and suggest the doggerel of the old miracle plays and mysteries, whose authorship was probably always composite. Very likely Shakespeare may have expressed the approval with which he regarded it, or his intention to rewrite it, for in 1611 this old play was reprinted, and this time with a bold claim that if the old play itself was by William Shakespeare, at least the initials W. Sh. (though they may not impossibly stand for W. Shadwell, though it is hard to believe, even if they do, that W. Shadwell wrote the old play, or, indeed, that his initials may not have been valuable to Simmes and Helme as leading to an impression of commercial value that Shakespeare was really its author.

This second quarto title-page ran:

The first and Second Part | of the | Troublesome Raigne of |
John King of England. | with the Discouerie of King Richard *Corde-*
lions base Sonne | Vulgarly named, the Bastard *Fawconbridge*; | Also,
| The Death of King *John* at *Swinstead Abbey*. | As they were (sundry
times) lately acted | by the Queenes Maiesties Players. | *Written by W.*
Sh. | Imprinted at *London* by *Valentine Simmes*, for *John Helme*, and
are to be sold at his Shop in Saint | *Dunstons* Church-yard in *Fleet-*
street. 1611. |

But when in 1622 a third quarto was printed by Aug. Matthewes for Thomas Dewe, this "B^y W. Sh." had grown to "B^y W. Shakespeare."

The old play is, of course, what was known as a Chronicle History. It must have been written earlier than would be indicated by the reference in the prologue to part I., "To the Gentlemen Readers," which alludes to Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, which was performed in 1588. Indeed, I think that this prologue or preface was only added on publication of the play. I think it highly impossible that the old play, with its emphatic libels upon and bold speeches denunciatory of the Old Faith and of the Catholic Church, could have well been written after Elizabeth's proclamations of April 7 and May 16, 1599,* in which all plays were forbidden "wherein matters of religion or of the government of the Commonwealth are handled or treated."

APPLETON MORGAN.

* See *Bankside Shakespeare*, Vol. I., p. 5.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- [74] FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS: A collection of Passages, Phrases and Proverbs Traced to Their Sources in Ancient and Modern Literature. By John Bartlett. (Ninth Edition.) 12mo, cloth, 1158 pp. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

(74) A portly twelvemo, tastily bound and clearly printed, bears the familiar title of "Familiar Quotations," and Mr. John Bartlett, its compiler, announces it as the ninth edition. Were he not the most modest of men he would have claimed instead that it was the nine hundredth thousand, and in so doing would probably be coming nearer the truth. For when, about thirty years ago, a small, thin volume appeared bearing the present title and compiler's name, it was instantly recognized that the constant publication which, under whatever name, was compiled of (as our fathers used to say) "elegant extracts" had at last been reduced to a scientific treatment, and that hereafter nothing would compete, until "Bartlett's Familiar Quotations" became a title like "Webster's Unabridged" or "Burke's Peerage." Apropos of Burke's Peerage, even the laughing philosopher would be amused at the avidity with which Americans purchase English books of reference, and notably the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Of course the cheap photo-stereotype pirates are to be charged with much of it: but it still is an extraordinary thing to see the average American citizen rush for it and the like achievements of our extremely self-satisfied, not to say "insular" English cousin. Any one who will examine an English compilation on any subject will be convinced very speedily that, except from the English point of view, any science or art is only worth mentioning in proportion as Englishmen have contributed to or been concerned in it; and the simple reason why the best books of reference come from America is because the American compiler is willing to exhaust his field outside of his own national geography. Another difficulty in making a *Cyclopædia of Familiar Quotations* in England has also been the copyright law, and the unwillingness of any one Englishman to permit himself to be quoted by any other Englishman except, as Hoolah Goolah the Oolah says, "for a consideration." Whether our new copyright law (enacted, according to Mr. Herbert Spencer, for the benefit of ten thousand at the expense of eighty millions) will similarly handicap any one, remains to be seen. We fancy students of anthology will, however (and for the first time), demur to Mr. Bartlett's eighty-nine (89) entries from the late Robert Browning. In what sense, pray, are they "familiar quotations"? Has anybody ever heard them quoted? Has Mr. Bartlett ever heard them quoted? Mr. Browning has been claimed by his admirers to be a sort of poet of the future, whose verses might in the next century become household words. But they have never, in their highest flights, alleged that he was quotable or even to any great extent readable (except, perhaps, with one's coat off, as one spends half a day in a gymnasium). But according to Mr. Bartlett, Mr. Browning, two years after his death, is already more quoted than Burns, from whom there are but seventy (70) quotations given, or Thompson who has but thirty-nine (39), or Macaulay with thirty-one (31), or Chesterfield with twelve (12),

and infinitely more quotable than either "Junius" or Swinburne, neither of whom appear to have furnished a single sentence or phrase to the common stock!!! We have not counted further, but are rather sure that there is some disproportion here. Indeed, we were unable to charge Mr. Bartlett with what may be called in the patter of the day a genuine Browning "Boom"! And we are right, for turning to the preface we find Mr. Bartlett thanking Dr. W. J. Rolfe for the Browning extracts. This is pretty good for our good friend Dr. Rolfe. We doubt if any president of a Browning society has done better than this for his "fad." To cite the most unspeakable of poets as more of a household poet than Burns is indeed (to drop into slang once more) what the un-elect call "a corker!" Some few of the "quotations" might perhaps pass as "familiar," if by "familiar quotations" we understand those which by reason of brevity or alliteration or any other advantage might, at some day, become familiar—such phrases as "God's in his heaven, All's right with the world," or, "All service ranks the same with God," or, "Just for a handful of silver he left us. Just for a ribbon to stick in his coat." But even these are not yet "familiar" in the sense in which that word is generally used or according to its dictionary definition. The main trouble with Browning's shortest and more readily understood lines, such as "Lofty designs must close in like effects," is that they are not always truths. (That the one just quoted is quite the reverse of human experience: that many more lofty designs perish than succeed, it would not be hard to find thousands of assertions in poetry, or in Browning himself for that matter: and that, if they are, Browning has not said them for the first time by any means, nor said them any better or more briefly than anybody else). The quotation beginning "God's in his heaven," etc., can be found even better expressed in Emerson. "All service ranks the same with God" is only the exhortation of the catechism to do one's duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call us, and so—according to Lowell's canon, that "Though old the thought and oft expressed, 'Tis his at last who says it best"—are not Browning's, though perhaps entitled to a place here. And it is rather queer, in the very "familiar quotation" about lofty designs above the one just quoted, to read another "familiar quotation" as follows: "The low man seeks a little thing to do. Sees it and does it. The high man with a great thing to pursue Dies ere he knows it." So far as familiarity goes we should say this was the most "familiar" proposition, only, unluckily for Browning's claims, it must have been said thousands, not to say millions of times before. And in what circles does Dr. Rolfe—for Mr. Bartlett refers us to him—find the six lines from *Paracelsus* on page 644, or the eight lines, and again nine lines (of "prose") from *The Soul's Tragedy* on page 644, or the thirteen lines from *The Statue and the Bust* on page 646, or the eight lines from *After* on page 648, the nine on page 650 from *Apparent Failure* and the eight on page 651 from *At "The Mermaid,"* "familiar quotations"? They are certainly familiar enough in sentiment. In fact every one of them is a perfectly familiar observation or series of observations done into extremely unfamiliar syntax. But this disguising of commonplace in fusion has not, up to the present time at least, been the general idea of a "familiar quotation," nor, we may add, the idea which has made this volume a standard anthology wherever the English language is spoken. A word more as to Mr. Browning's claim to write "familiar quotations."

It seems to us that not only the terseness and succinctness, the "what oft was thought but ne'er so well expressed"-ness which should make "quotations" "familiar" are the very qualities which Mr. Browning eminently did not possess. Nay, some of us have even maintained that Browning's forte was to bury familiar propositions in turgid and jerky sentences. Let us take the exceedingly familiar proposition that youth believes itself possessed with knowledge, but that age brings doubt. The proposition has been expressed in a thousand forms, such as "The older one grows the less he knows." What does Mr. Browning do with this familiar maxim that as one grows old he loses confidence in his so-called knowledge and is inapt to be cocksure about anything. He makes eight lines out of it—thus:

"My curls were crowned
In youth with knowledge—off, alas, crown slipped
Next moment, pushed by better knowledge still
Which nowise proved more constant: gain, to-day,
Was toppling loss to-morrow, lay at last
Knowledge, the golden?—lacquered ignorance!
As gain—mistrust it! Not as means to gain;
Lacquer we learn by: . . ." Etc., etc.

In the old English hunting song, "The Fox Jumped over the Parson's Gate," there is a stanza—

"And if you ask me of this song
The meaning for to show,
I don't exactly know-o-o,
I don't exactly know!"

which some of us might think was an allusion to Browning's poetry itself. Although he calls this his final one, we are afraid that Mr. Bartlett will be obliged to issue another edition of his work and somewhat pare down Dr. Rolfe's exuberant Browning Boom. In "The Society and the Fad," the challenge was made to Mr. Browning's admirers to produce from his poetry any truth declared or any discovery announced except "the ordinary humanities with which all poetry deals—the loveliness of virtue, the deadliness of vice, etc., etc., a matter rather settled by this time and as to which further testimony or didactic illustration is merely cumulative." Until that challenge is answered, or at least until it is shown that Mr. Browning has restated old matter in some vastly improved form or other, we are afraid that Mr. Browning's poetry, in this century at least, for all the exposition of the Browning Societies (and we note, by the way, that the London Browning Society has laid down its work as finished) will not be heavily contributive of household maxims.

All this does not, however, militate against our prior proposition, viz.: that Mr. Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations" is the standard reference-book of its kind everywhere.

On page 363 Mr. Bartlett credits "A penny saved is a penny got" to Fielding and Ben Franklin. Is it not even earlier in Thomson's "Castle of Indolence"?

"A penny saved is a penny got;
Firm to this scoundrel maxim keepeth he,
He of its rigour will ne bate a jot
Til he hath quenched his fire and banishéd his pot."

And here are one or two quotations that perhaps might go in:

The reply of the Duke of Guise (we think), who, when somebody complained of the offensiveness of a cadaver: "The smell of a dead enemy is always sweet."

"O let me join the choir Invisible," etc. (*George Eliot*.)

"The world would be empty if men were wise." (*Frederick Lockyer*—"The Judgment of Paris.")

"No man ever was as wise as —— looked" (Sydney Smith is said to have made this remark about Daniel Webster. But it probably was said earlier than that and perhaps of somebody else.)

"Even Nature betters her own handiwork with practice. Her first effort at making a bird was simply ridiculous."

Again, "Hopeful son" is from the *Winter's Tale* and—— but of course there is no end. The Burchard saying (p. 678) about a certain political party being the party of Rum, Romanism and Rebellion, however unjust or unacceptable, owing to its contemporary inclusion here, is still literally a "familiar quotation," and should no more be excluded in a collection of familiar quotations than should the phrase, "A little black crooked thing that asks questions," be excluded because, once upon a time, it was distasteful to Mr. Pope. And Gen. Porter's saying that "a Mugwump is a person educated beyond his intellect" (p. 682) might have been supplemented with several other definitions of that bird, as "a Republican who votes the Democratic ticket;" or Senator Chandler about "prizes in the lottery of assassination," or "Jones he pays the freight," or the saying of the Kodak, "You press the button, we do the rest," might also go in on this principle. After all is said, the bulk of Mr. Bartlett's or any other volume must always be filled by Shakespeare. It will interest students of current phrases to know that when the street gamin of 1892 says he is "not in it," he is quoting Euripides, whose version ran: "Cowards do not count in battle; they are there, but not in it"—another sample of the curious notes which SHAKESPEARIANA'S kind correspondents have made from time to time of discoveries in Shakespeare of most of the periodic slang of the day: such as "painting the town red," "too thin," etc., etc. Indeed, except the Browning episode, which is perhaps inserted to illustrate the wide difference between "Familiar Quotations" and "Quotations which Certain Persons Think Ought to be Familiar," no praise is too high for Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations."

MISCELLANY.

THE question as to Browning's claim to immortality, raised by the author of the address, "The Society and the Fad," to a discussion of which we devoted so much space in October, 1890, appears to be settled by Browning's own friends sooner even than the President of the New York Shakespeare Society had anticipated. Not two years after Browning's death the London Browning Society itself has disbanded, on the ground that there is nothing more left to elucidate. Meanwhile, two hundred and seventy-six years after Shakespeare's death, our count shows one hundred and forty-seven active Shakespeare societies zealously at work, all of them finding plenty of matters to "elucidate," not to mention new matter constantly accruing. Readers of SHAKESPEARIANA will bear witness that there has been no failure of new matter in its pages, and the German *Jahrbuch* still publishes about the same quantity of material (only annually instead of quarterly) as does SHAKESPEARIANA. And we may add that this magazine was not changed from a monthly to a quarterly from any diminution of material. As a matter of truth, the change was decided upon for exactly the opposite reason, viz., to print a higher and more selected class of matter, and to avoid as much as possible repetitive matter. It may be interesting to our readers to know that as matter of fact our change from the monthly to the quarterly has in nowise or to any extent diminished the matter submitted to its editors. Indeed, the number of conscientious and able men and women all over the country who kindly send us their manuscripts seems to be constant in increase. Our endeavor has been, and we think will be, to hold and maintain the line of the first Shakespearian Society—that is, to print matter illustrative of the date and contemporary sources or motives of the plays. Many noble essays SHAKESPEARIANA reluctantly declines, by reason of its unwillingness to deal too much in purely esthetic, or rhetorical, or "sign-post" criticism. Did space permit, SHAKESPEARIANA would be glad to take its readers into its secrets and dilate upon some of the curiosities of its editorial table. For instance: We received not long ago a letter addressed to the care of our publishers, asking us to send the writer (the editor of a newspaper, by the way) the name of one or two good books about Shakespeare!!! And, some time since, we received a manuscript entitled "A History of Shakespearian Criticism," very well written and correctly spelled, the principal feature of which was, as one might say, disproportion. The manuscript contained, that is, about 25,000 words, 500 of which summed up the "criticism" of the years 1616–1888, while the remaining 24,500 were devoted to a scathing denunciation of the several cipher theorists who were born at about the latter date. Both of the above were far from discouraging to us. For the letter from the editor showed us that the name of the master of dramatic poetry was still penetrating into the parts of the Philistine and the infidel, and the other that, as we have always maintained, the cipherists and, indeed, all the other cranks, were building better than they knew. Many a good Shakespearian came into the fold, not through the gate, but over the Baconian fence, and did good work after he got there. But we have wandered from our text. Browning, according to the first Browning

Society, needs no further attention. All eyes will now turn, of course, to our American ones, and, painfully, to our rather esteemed contemporary, *Poet Lore* (which, by the way, we had intended to enumerate above among the curiosities which came to our editorial table).

IS SHAKESPEARE the man's poet, and the only man's poet we have? The tendency is to make us believe so.

Indeed, if late numbers of *The Critic* are to be credited, the doctage of poets seems to be something far sillier (from any adult point of view to which most of us have access) than the summit of silliness so far reached in other people. Only a few weeks ago this newspaper printed a letter—evidently from a would-be great admirer of Browning—which told a story of his (Browning's) last days, when he returned from a drive, exclaiming, "Oh, I have composed a new poem, and must go up and write it down." On being urged by some ladies to "tell them all about it" (indeed, what else could the ladies have done, under the circumstances?) the aged poet said, "Oh, it is all about the ladies wearing birds in their hats! and I don't know how the ladies will like it, for it is very strong." (The aged poet evidently thinking that "the ladies" would be terribly cut up, etc.)

Later, again: *The Critic* prints another letter, this time about Tennyson saying that nobody could read his poetry but himself, and reading it to all who pretended to be anxious to listen, interspersed with such ejaculations as "Isn't that pretty good, eh?"

As for poor Lowell. If he could only read his ana as it has been printed weekly by *The Critic*, we think he would be sorry he ever died. Some of us, at least, remember Mr. Lowell as a man, and would like still to so remember him. Here, for instance, is one young cub, who claims (now that he cannot be contradicted) that Mr. Lowell once nodded to him, writing a letter to *The Critic* to say that Mr. Lowell told him that he (Lowell) never wrote a private letter without re-reading it to see if it sounded musically! Perhaps Mr. Lowell may have had this weakness, but we doubt it, or that if he had it, he would have confided it to his nearest friend. Altogether, here is a manly set of pictures of our poets, truly! Browning an unconscionable old duffer chattering to the ladies about his rhymes, and hoping they won't offend them; the author of "In Memoriam" dwindled into a fussy old party intoxicated with the gorgeousness of his own poetry, and Lowell a *poseur* even in his business correspondence. We are sorry that one of these stories (the one about Tennyson) comes, according to *The Critic*, from Dr. Rolfe. But until confirmed, we take the liberty of doubting them all.

We expect of course this sort of thing from the Simple Susan periodicals which reach us monthly, whose mission is to collect all the effeminate rumors respecting current personages. But for so unusually valuable a periodical as *The Critic* to so far forget its cue as to admit a lot of this chatter among its correspondence is not, to say the least, bracing.

AND here is another important item: "Lord Tennyson was much irritated during a recent interview by his visitor's continually pronouncing 'Ralph' in the common English fashion, so as to rhyme with

safe.' At length he sharply corrected the speaker, emphatically pounding the table meantime. But he declared that the name should rhyme with 'laugh' and 'chaff.'" Is there a fourth sex: and should we add to the Frenchman's enumeration—men, women and clergymen, and make it—men, women, clergymen and literary persons?

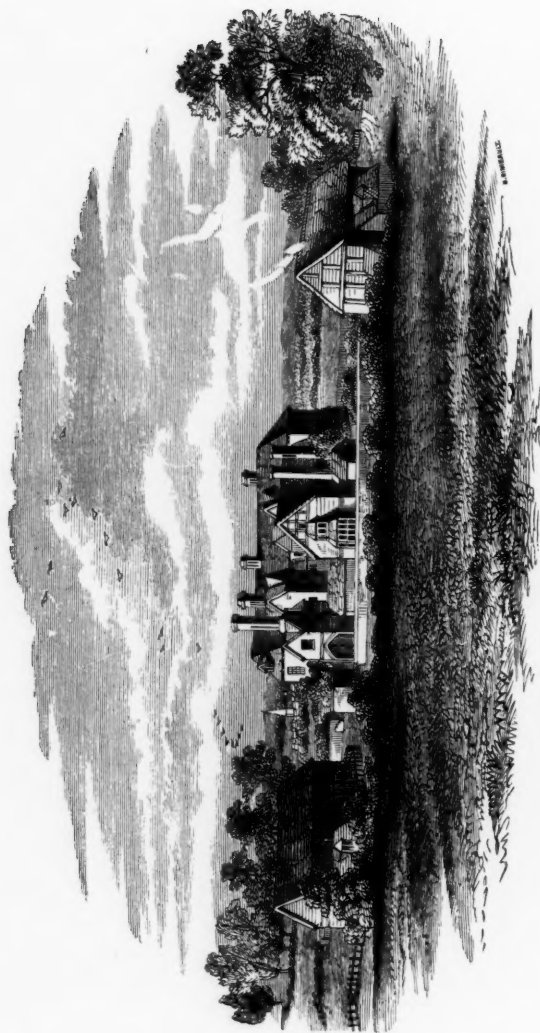
THE PRESS AND THE BANKSIDE.—Says the *Albany Law Journal* of September 19: "The fourteenth volume of the Bankside Shakespeare sets forth the play of *Pericles* in the Player's text of 1609 and the text of the Third Folio, of 1663-4. The introduction is one of great research, ingenuity and learning, and corroborates our opinion that the President of the New York Shakespeare Society is one of the most sensible and acute of living Shakespearian scholars. Mr. Morgan argues strenuously for the genuineness of this play, notwithstanding that it was not included in the First Folio of 1623, by the supposition that it was such an acting favorite that the publishers of the First Folio could not acquire the copyright. This argument is well worth consideration. Our opinion as to the authorship of *Titus Andronicus* and this play remains unchanged. . . . We observe that he seems to abandon his main theory in favor of the genuineness of *Titus*, which we had described as the theory 'that it was the dramatist's first attempt, and that it naturally effervesces with boyish friskiness and wantonness and childish love of unadulterated horrors,' and plants himself upon the argument that 'Shakespeare was essentially a playwright, who catered to the barbaric tastes of his audiences.' The argument is strong intrinsically, and is cleverly urged by the editor. We are quite willing to acknowledge that there is more to be said for *Pericles* than for *Titus*. But it is still a powerful argument against it that it was first included with Shakespeare's acknowledged plays in company with six others which are conceded to be spurious. We greatly admire, however, the robust and lawyer-like reasoning of the lawyer, which is in refreshing contrast to what Richard Grant White would have called the 'piddling,' and what we prefer to call the fantastic, far-fetched and absurdly inconsequent and inconclusive arguments of the verse-testers, who are only a shade less ridiculous than the Baconians. Not the least interesting parts of this excellent introduction are the *fac-simile* of Shakespeare's will, and the cut of the composing font of the Elizabethan era, with the editor's acute demonstration of typographical errors chargeable to it and to the common practices and the evident carelessness of the printers and proof-readers of that time. The work of Furness, Rolfe and Morgan, to say nothing of Verplanck, White and Hulson, and a visit to Stratford, will convince anybody that the Americans are the foremost of all peoples in the understanding and the appreciation of the world's greatest poet."

From the New York Tribune.

The introduction is an ingenious if not absolutely convincing argument for the authorship of Shakespeare. Like most of Mr. Morgan's Shakespearian criticism, this is characterized by originality of view and closeness of research. He can see no reason why Shakespeare should not have written the whole of it, bad as well as good, and he makes the most of the consideration that the great dramatist was, first

of all, a man of business, who catered to the tastes of the public, and who sought above all else to put paying plays upon the stage. Now it is certain that *Pericles* was one of the most popular of plays, notwithstanding, or perhaps because of, its defects. A mere paraphrase of the old story of *Appollonius of Tyre*, without dramatic unity or form, Shakespeare put into the acting version little more than those touches of nature which make it live. Mr. Morgan has to meet a difficulty in dealing with the theory that it was one of the author's earliest efforts, for while much of it is crude and raw, the better portions are in truth as mature as anything Shakespeare wrote. This has been pointed out by Richard Grant White; and Mr. Morgan has not apparently found a sufficient explanation of the fact. Mr. Morgan's observations upon the causes of textual corruption form quite a distinct part of his argument, and are both ingenious and fresh. He gives a *fac-simile* of Shakespeare's will to show how easily the poet's very bad handwriting might have been misinterpreted by the printers, and he gives an illustration of the Elizabethan type-case to exhibit the helps to error which were afforded by the positions and relations of the letter-boxes. The whole of this is quite new and very well put, though of course Mr. Morgan is at odds with the majority of the modern school of Shakespearian critics, who prefer to shut their eyes to the realities of the poet's own time and the probabilities based upon the study of those times, and sit reading modern meanings into his text and applying modern standards to his motives. We have no doubt that Mr. Morgan is right in his main contention, namely, that Shakespeare was, if at all, only incidentally concerned with ethical purposes; that he was above all a realist in construction; that he took human nature as he saw it, and put it into his plays; that in short, to use his own words, he held the mirror up to Nature. But this may be admitted without accepting Mr. Morgan's position as to the authorship of *Pericles*, and notwithstanding his exceedingly bright and clever plea for the canonical orthodoxy of the play, we are of the opinion that the case is still open, and that a Scotch verdict of "not proven" is the most that can be anticipated.

. In view of the greatly reduced space at the disposal of the Editors, it is urgently requested that contributors refrain as much as possible from quotations from the Plays, referring instead to passages in point by the Bankside line notation (or if not practicable, to the act, scene and line of *the Globe Edition*). Proof is not sent to authors unless particularly requested, or unless the subject-matter require it. Please address all matter intended for the Editors, books for Review, etc., to Box 323, WESTFIELD, UNION CO., NEW JERSEY. The Editors cannot undertake to answer personal letters, or to return unused matter unless stamped envelopes are enclosed for the purpose. *.*



A VIEW OF CLOPTON HOUSE, STRATFORD-ON-AVON.